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# Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

June/July 1990 $1.95 £1.50

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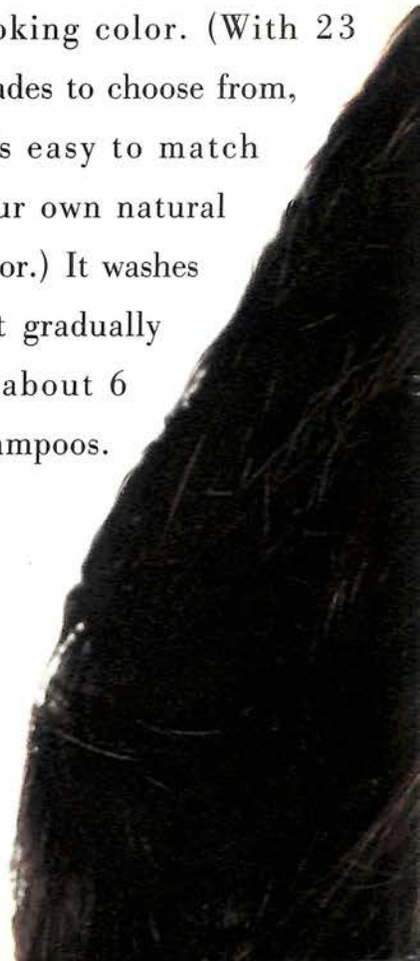

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# Memories

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER THREE, JUNE/JULY 1990


# Contents

CAPITOL RECORDS

Nat Cole: Sure to complain. PAGE 54

## DEPARTMENTS


**7** FROM THE EDITOR
**Dancing On Our Desks**
BY CAREY WINFREY

**10** YEARBOOK
**Director Set**

**12** I REMEMBER
**Elvis the Innocent**
BY EDWIN MILLER

**16** INDELIBLE IMAGES
**Shooting Stars**
BY MAUREEN MCFADDEN

**23** PERSPECTIVE
**Tracing Tracy**
BY LLOYD SACHS

**28** FILM FESTIVAL
**Our Miss Brooks**
BY EVE ARDEN

**100** SCRAPBOOK
**Grand Old Flags**

**102** LETTERS
**Cons and Pros**

**103** TAKING ISSUE
**Sweat and Tears**
BY ROBERT LIPSYTE

**104** PHOTO FINISH
**Personal Touches**


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## 50 YEARS AGO . . . 37

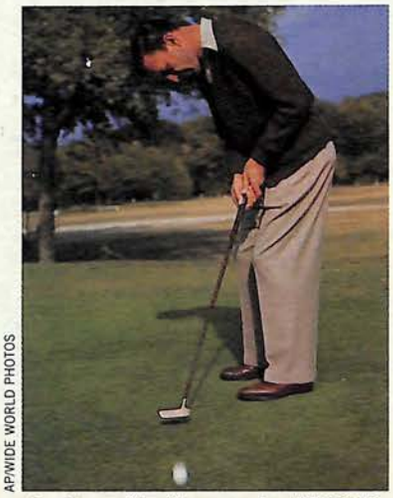

**38** **WORLD WAR II**
**The Fall of France**
BY ALISTAIR HORNE
**Occupied Paris**
BY TERESKA TORRES

FPG INTERNATIONAL

Hitler in Paris: The City of Light goes dark. PAGE 38

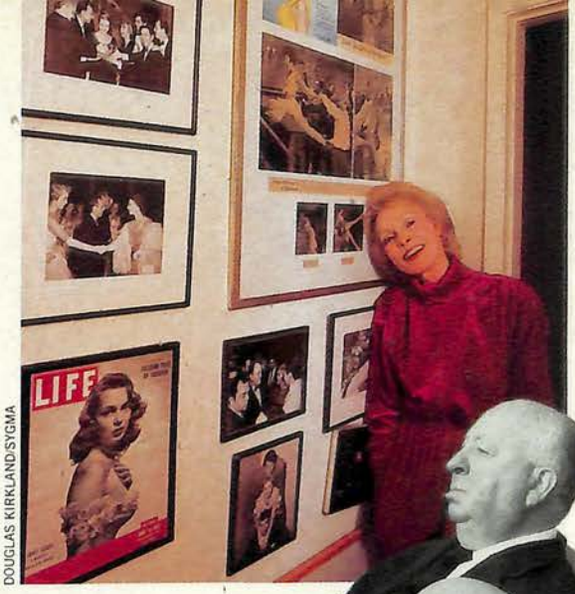
## 40 YEARS AGO . . . 45


**48** **HOGAN'S HEROICS**
BY DENIS HARRINGTON

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Ben Hogan: "I can't move my legs." PAGE 48



DOUGLAS KIRKLAND/SYGMA

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

Alfred Hitchcock and Janet Leigh: The sound of a casaba melon. PAGE 74.


**54** **NAT "KING" COLE**
**Unforgettable**
BY LESLIE GOURSE
**Homeward Bound**
BY LEONARD FEATHER
**For You My Love**
BY MARIA COLE

**64** **LEVITTOWN**
**Revisited**
BY LESLIE BENNETTS
**Beleaguered Builder**
BY DELPHINE TAYLOR


## 30 YEARS AGO . . . 71


**74** **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**
**Spellbinder**
BY ELISE J. MARTON
**Behind the Curtain**
BY STEPHEN REBELLO


## 25 YEARS AGO . . . 83


**86** **ADLAI E. STEVENSON**
**The Would-Be President**
BY GARY PAUL GATES
**Common Ground**
BY JOSEPH N. BELL


## 20 YEARS AGO . . . 93


**94** **ROE V. WADE**
**Making a Case**
BY MARIAN FAUX
**The Real Jane Roe**
BY JOSEPH N. BELL

**Melanie and Don Johnson**
**Aspen, Colorado**

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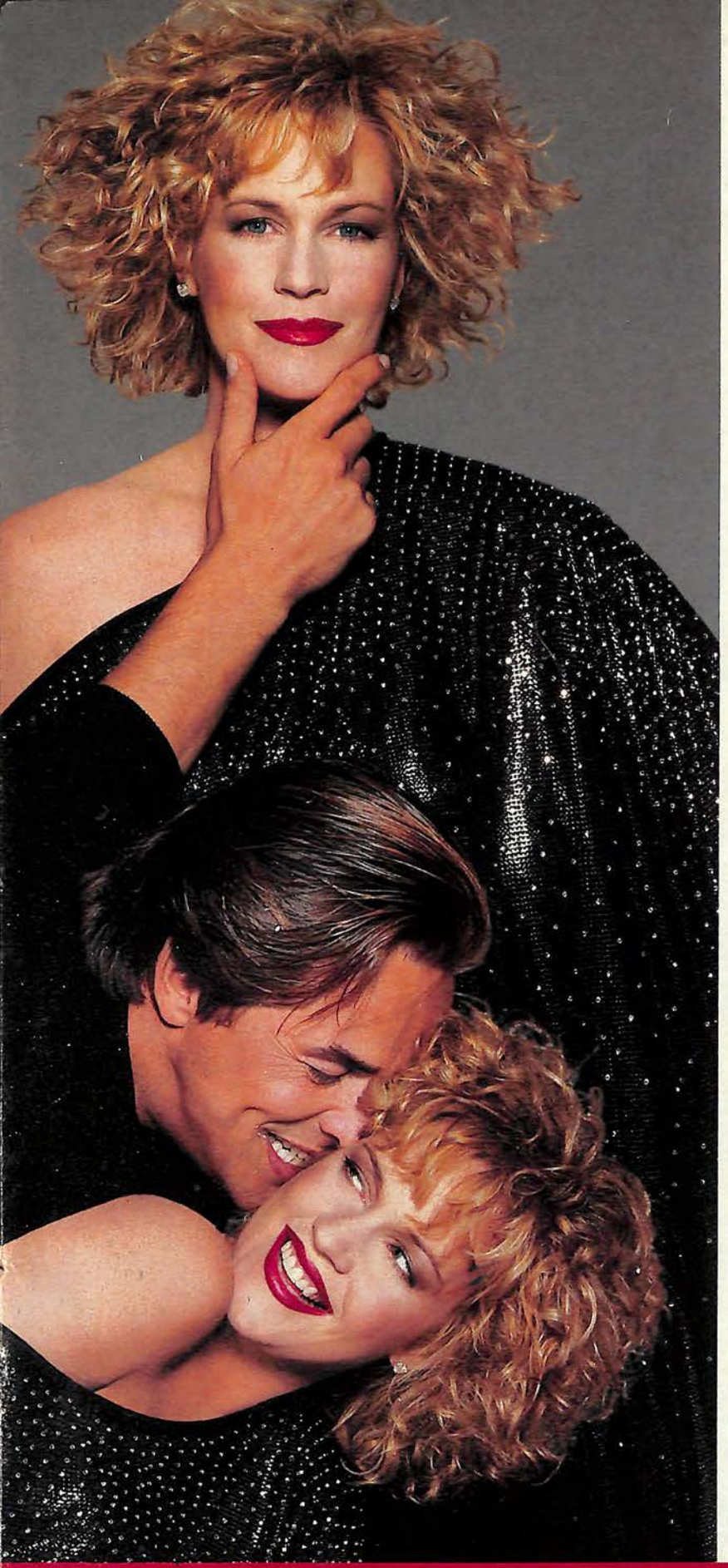

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**FROM THE EDITOR** By Carey Winfrey

# *Dancing On Our Desks*

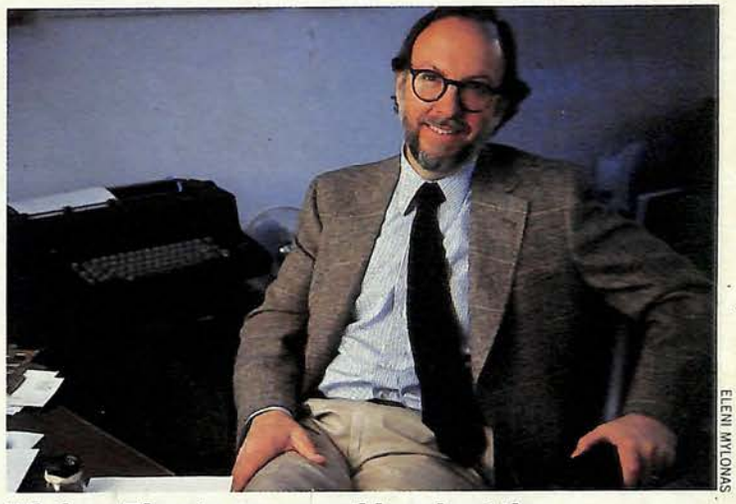
JOHN F. KENNEDY GRACED OUR LAST COVER. THIS ISSUE INCLUDES A generally approbative article on Adlai Stevenson, another Democrat. It also contains a letter from a reader maintaining we have a political ax to grind. Though it is not a complaint we hear often, it may be time to say something about the way we choose and assign our stories.

In figuring out the best way to make a magazine about the past lively, interesting and relevant—not to mention unsentimental—we long ago came up with some guidelines. We decided, first, to pluck only the plumpest fruit from the tree; that is, to go for stories that still matter, that still *resonate*. Second, to find the ablest people to tell them, people *without* axes to grind. And third, to give anniversaries a major role in our story selection.

Every issue, therefore, begins, months in advance, with staffers poring over old newspapers and magazines 20, 25, 30, 40 and 50 years back from our cover date. What invariably happens is that our feature stories jump out of the research and dance on our desks. Just as they did for this issue: Hitler takes Paris (June 1940). Ben Hogan comes back from near death to win the U.S. Open (June 1950). Levittown makes the cover of *Time* magazine (July 1950). Nat ''King'' Cole tops the charts with ''Mona Lisa'' (June 1950). Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* is released (June 1960). Adlai Stevenson dies in London (July 1965). And a Federal court rules on *Roe v. Wade*, the Supreme Court case that led to the legalization of abortion (June 1970).

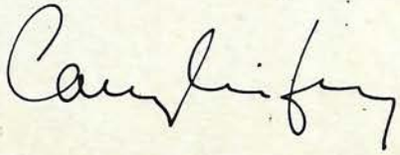
The anniversary mechanism lends the magazine topicality (and keeps us from being overwhelmed by possibilities). However, it can be restrictive. If most of the stories pick themselves, we are somewhat at their mercy. Thus three stories about Dwight D. Eisenhower in the past 11 issues. Thus Adlai Stevenson follows John F. Kennedy. To a large extent, history is our assignment editor.

All of which brings me to *Roe v. Wade*, the landmark lawsuit of 20 years ago. In addressing this emotionally charged subject, our intent was not to argue either side of the debate but to provide perspective to it, as dispassionately as possible. For passion, see ''Taking Issue'' (page 103), where we invite distinguished writers to react to the magazine before publication as passionately as they like. ■



ELENI MYLONAS

**Winfrey: Time to say something about the way we choose and assign our stories.**



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REVLON INTRODUCES

# THAT MAN

# Director

**WARREN BEATY [Beatty]**
**Washington-Lee High School 1955**
**Arlington, Va.**
Varsity Football 2, 3, 4; Homeroom President 2; Junior Varsity Basketball 2; Officials Club 2; W-L Club 3, 4; Senior Class President 4; Best All-Around.

**PETER BOGDANOVICH**
**The Collegiate School 1957**
**New York, N.Y.**
Dutchman (11, 12), Drama Club (9, 10), Glee Club (10, 11), Journal (9, 10, 11, 12), Yorkville Youth Council (10). Earmark: Hairdo, precocious wedding plans. Favorite Pastime: Dinner for two at Nedicks. Ambition: Actor. Probable Occupation: Unemployed. "Bugs is the anarchist of the Senior Class when it comes to education."

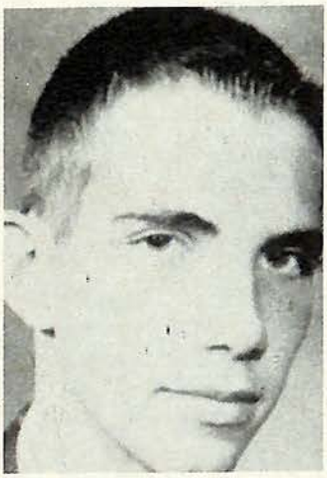
**FRANCIS COPPOLA**
**Great Neck High School 1956**
**Great Neck, N.Y.**
"Francie." Attended New York Military Academy 2, 3. Activities: Band 4. Clubs: Junior Players 4.

**MELVIN KAMINSKY**
**[Mel Brooks]**
**Eastern District High School 1944**
**Brooklyn, N.Y.**
Class Day Committee, Senior Council, Dean's Assistant, Fencing Team. Ambition: To be President of the U.S.

**ALAN KONIGSBERG**
**[Woody Allen]**
**Midwood High School 1953**
**Brooklyn, N.Y.**

**SHELTON [Spike] LEE**
**John Dewey High School 1975**
**Brooklyn, N.Y.**
"Smile, 'cause life is gonna be what it is, there are brighter days ahead."

# Set



**BRIAN DE PALMA**
**Friends' Central School 1958**
**Overbrook, Pa.**
"Briar." Shameless . . . Flunks physics . . . Soldier, statesman, friend of the working girl (or any other) . . . Just finished last year's work . . . Have act, will produce . . . Activities: Service Committee 9, 10, 11, 12 (President); Science Club 12 (President); "Wizard of Oz" 11; "The Crucible" 12; Carnival 9, 10, 11, 12; Chess team 9, 10, 11, 12; Model Congress 11; Soph Hop 10; Junior Prom 11; Senior Prom 12; Yearbook 12; Delaware Valley Science Fair First Prize 10; Delaware Valley Science Fair Gold Medal 11; National Science Fair Second Prize 11. Sports: J.V. Football 10, 11; Varsity Football 12; J.V. Tennis 10, 11; Varsity Tennis 12.

**DENNIS LEE HOPPER**
**Helix High School 1954**
**La Mesa, Calif.**
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**RON HOWARD**
**John Burroughs High School 1972**
**Burbank, Calif.**

**PENNY MARSHALL**
**Walton High School 1961**
**Bronx, N.Y.**

**STEVE SPIELBERG**
**Arcadia High School 1964**
**Phoenix, Ariz.**
Titan Band, 12. "Spielberg seen as talented actor."

Did you go to high school with someone now famous? If so, we'd very much like to hear from you. Please write to MEMORIES, Dept. Y, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Please include your phone number if possible.

**I REMEMBER**

# *Elvis the Innocent*

**By Edwin Miller**

Though his first record album had already sold more copies than any in the history of RCA Victor, the Elvis Presley I met in 1956 was still a guileless, good-natured 21-year-old, a trifle wary of strangers but immediately likable.

I was on assignment for *Seventeen* magazine. We met at the airport in Dayton, Ohio, where Elvis had been performing. He was wearing black and gold silk slacks, a pink nylon shirt with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white cotton jacket, pale green socks and black loafers. On each hand he wore a ring, one shaped like a horseshoe with a horse's head in the center, the other bearing the initials EP in small diamonds. He was going home to Memphis for a brief break in an endless round of one-night concert appearances. In the past year and a half, he'd taken only two weeks off.

"Doctor tole me," he said to me on the plane in his soft Southern accent, "that what I'm doin' is more strenuous than an eight-hour-a-day job." He lounged in the seat next to mine and said he had just signed a seven-year contract with Hal Wallis Productions. He'd quit touring in a minute if he could hit it big in films. He had always been crazy about movies, he explained, going to one every day while on the road.

He'd spent only 24 hours in Hollywood for his screen test. "They tested me in a jolly role," he told me, "and in something more serious." When he saw the rushes from the test, he didn't know which way to look. "Couldn't get used to it," he said.

Elvis had already been approached by Lee Strasberg of New York's Actors Studio to study with him, and word was that director Elia Kazan was interested in working with him as well. But he didn't have time for lessons. "Either you have something or you don't," he told me. "If not, studying won't give it to you."

James Dean, he said, was his screen hero. "I told Mr. Wallis"—Presley called every man older than himself "mister" or "sir"—"that I didn't want to do a musical. I wanted to act. He agreed to compromise and do something that would let me act even if I did sing, like Frank Sinatra, who makes records, acts in dramatic parts and makes a musical once in a while. It can be done," he assured me.

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

***Elvis and parents, 1956: Hymns in the kitchen, Cadillacs in the yard.***

(He couldn't know that despite early flashes of dramatic talent, as in *King Creole*, Hollywood would consign him to two dozen money-making, tune-filled mediocrities over the next two decades.)

When we landed in Memphis, Elvis went to the ranch house he had recently bought for his parents (Graceland was yet to come). I checked into a hotel, then grabbed a taxi to the address he had given me. When a servant opened the front door to let me in, I could hear Elvis and his parents, Vernon and Gladys, singing a gospel trio in the kitchen. Elvis's parents greeted me cautiously. Mr. Presley, a burly man about 40, with deep-set eyes and graying hair, said he "suspicioned" that I might be from a scandal magazine, bent on giving a "wrong picture" of his boy. When I assured him that I had been okayed by Elvis's manager, Col. Tom Parker, he and his wife relaxed and invited me to look around the eight-room house.

The green-carpeted living room was filled with mementos of Elvis's career (he called the room a "museum of me"). Next to a framed, hand-colored portrait of the singer were plaques testifying to *Billboard* and *Cashbox* magazine awards. An adjoining playroom featured a pinball machine and a pool table. Down a hall was Elvis's bedroom, decorated in purple, violet, green and pink. A closet was stuffed with slacks and jackets, many of them still bearing price tags. Elvis enjoyed buying clothes off the rack, he explained.

Mrs. Presley told me that more and more people were turning up at the house every day, driving up from nearby Mississippi (where Elvis was born, on Jan. 8, 1935, and where most of his relatives still lived), and from Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. "I treat them all with respect and entertain them real nice," she said. "Many want to dance to Elvis's records, and Mr. Presley puts the records on the phonograph. We don't mind. It's nice to have young people around. Most come souvenir-hunting. They want a little piece of brick from the house, maybe a clover picked from the front yard. Anything, to have a sample of Elvis." (The Presleys had changed their telephone number so often that they couldn't keep track.)

When Elvis went off to the kitchen to get a soft drink, Mrs. Presley confided that "one girl was here the other day, and after she kissed one of Elvis's shirts hanging in the closet and kissed his bed she said, 'Now I want to kiss Elvis's car,' and went outside to his purple Cadillac that was standing in the sun. I told her she'd better watch herself, but she leaned over and kissed the car and jumped away, hollering, 'I've burned my lips!' " Mrs. Presley was laughing as she continued. "I said, 'Well, that ain't nothing to what Elvis's kiss would do to you.' "

In each room I'd been in I noticed teddy bears of every size and description. When Elvis came back, now shirtless with his soft drink, I asked about them. He said he liked to visit fairs and carnivals in the cities and towns where he performed. He'd go to the booths where he could

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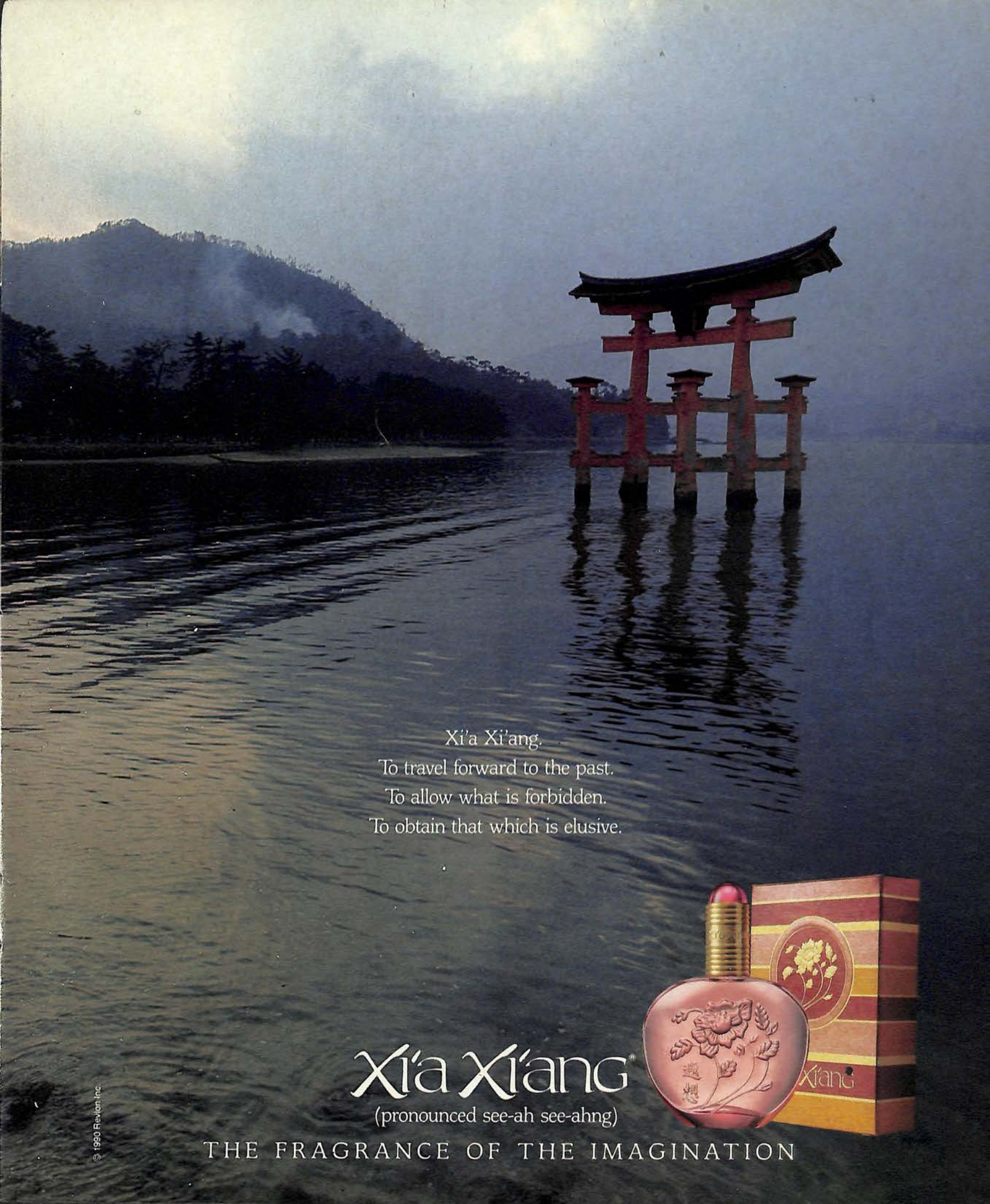
EDWIN MILLER *was the entertainment editor of* Seventeen *magazine for 25 years.*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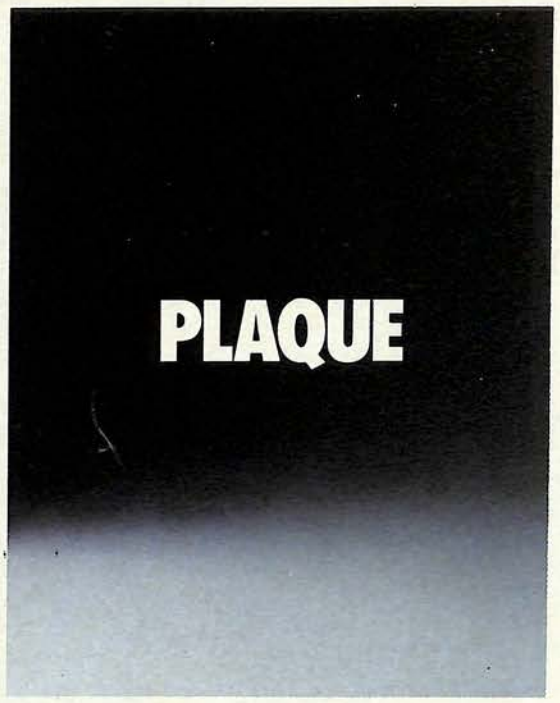


# THIS IS THE NO. 1 SOLUTION FOR REMOVING IT.

**(THE NEXT STEP WOULD SEEM FAIRLY OBVIOUS.)**

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throw baseballs at wooden milk bottles. "I can hit anything I can see," he said matter-of-factly. He often won a dozen or so teddy bears at a go, giving most of them away to the kids who gathered around him. One night he won 24.

Mr. Presley said he took care of Elvis's personal affairs, like picking up the thousand or more letters that turned up daily at the post office, some addressed, simply, "Elvis Presley, Memphis, Tennessee." The mail was piled on Elvis's bed for him to read before being forwarded to a fan mail answering service in Nashville. While on the road, Elvis called his mother three or four nights a week. If he didn't, he said with a grin, "she'd call me."

His mother allowed it was she who urged him to get his first guitar, when he was 11, because she'd noticed local singers making a few dollars. ("I really wanted a bicycle," Elvis interrupted.) Apart from singing in church, Elvis didn't really care much about music, she said, and never took any lessons. Although she was proud of his success, Mrs. Presley said she'd recently begged her son to give up his career. She worried about all the traveling and told me he'd already been in three automobile accidents.

Mrs. Presley went on to say that she'd always been anxious about Elvis, perhaps because his twin brother had been stillborn. From a large family herself, she had wanted to have a lot of kids. When she couldn't, she worried that an only child would be too self-centered. "But Elvis was always an easygoing boy who didn't mind other kids using his toys," she said, "if they didn't tie 'em up too long." Until his mid-teens, she added, "I never let him go anywhere without me. I made him stay home and play in the backyard." He kept many pets, mostly dogs, and an unnamed chicken. When the chicken died, said Mrs. Presley, "Elvis cried for days."

The mention of tears must have reminded Mr. Presley of the time, not long before, that Elvis had gone to the home of a debt-ridden relative and put $250 on the kitchen table. The relative "started to cry right there," the senior Presley added.

"I can't bear to see somebody cry," Elvis said to me. "I told him to cut it out or I'd take the money back."

I followed Elvis out to the backyard, where he showed off a large swimming pool, a barbecue, a kennel and his mother's vegetable garden. Lined up in a row were three Cadillacs—a yellow convertible, a four-door purple job and a blue limousine. Elvis was also in possession of a Harley-Davidson Model K motorcycle—"The fastes' ever made," he said proudly—and a red three-wheel Messerschmitt. The colors were vivid. "I used to be on a pink-and-black kick," Elvis said, "but I got tired of it."

Back inside the house, I told Elvis's father I'd been admiring the Cadillacs. "Elvis lets us drive them just like they were ours," he said, "but not the Messerschmitt. I just drive it around the yard some." Mr. Presley said he used to drive a banana truck in Tupelo, Miss., before he got a job in a paint factory; Elvis also drove a truck for a while. When Elvis was 16, Mr. Presley borrowed money to buy his son his first car, a white 1941 Chrysler. "My daddy was something wonderful to me," said Elvis.

"When Elvis was a little kid," Mr. Presley remembered with a laugh, "he used to say, 'I'm going to get two Cadillacs when I grow up.' I didn't want him to have to steal one," he joked. "Now, he's paid us all back. When he started to make it, he said he didn't want us to work anymore."

"It's all like a dream," Mrs. Presley said with a sigh. ■

## Whose Underwear Is Under There?

INDELIBLE IMAGES

# *Shooting Stars*

By Maureen McFadden

COURTESY OF ELLEN BURSTYN

## OUT OF AFRICA

WHEN ELLEN BURSTYN WAS INVITED TO EAST AFRICA IN 1987, HER host recommended that she pack a camera. "I told him I wasn't interested in photography," the Oscar-winning actress remembers. "I'm not particularly mechanical and I was afraid I'd be distracted." But Burstyn's friend persisted and prevailed.

In Rwanda, Burstyn photographed the gorilla group that the late primatologist Dian Fossey had studied. "They allowed the humans to get surprisingly close," Burstyn recalls. Her favorite shot, that of a young male, was taken from a distance of only 7 feet. "He had been chewing on a straw for quite some time. Then there was a moment of contact when he stopped and stared right into the lens."

Burstyn was hooked. "Once I realized you could go only so far with the camera on automatic," she says, "I really began learning about photography." Her experience behind the camera, she adds, "changed my life."

Burstyn has since become a filmmaker as well. Last year she completed a documentary about sculptor Grace Knowlton. She is currently writing a screenplay for a film she also plans to direct.

"Creative people often have more than one talent," Burstyn says, "but they feel to succeed they have to choose one or the other. In the end, it's all creative energy."

COURTESY OF STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

**Burstyn**

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COURTESY OF RODDY MCDOWALL

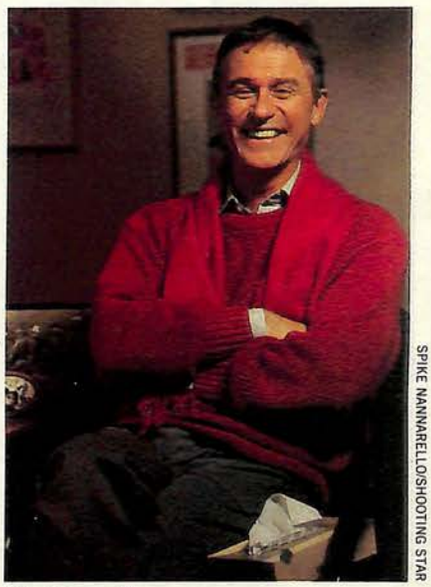
## GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

IN THE MID-1960'S, WHILE RODDY McDowall was acting in one of the *Planet of the Apes* movies, the legendary Mae West visited the set and asked to be introduced to him. ''I had always wanted to meet her,'' McDowall says. ''She was so much a part of my childhood, a favorite of my mother, but she was rather inaccessible. So there I stood before her in full ape makeup.'' West had confused him with another actor. But no matter; the two hit it off and remained close until the actress's death in 1980.

''She was such a provocative creature,'' says McDowall, who has been photographing famous personalities—Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Sinatra among them—since the early 1950's. In 1969 he was asked to shoot West for a magazine. It took McDowall a full day to set up the shot (in a Hollywood memorabilia shop) and another to light it. ''Usually I work spontaneously, but this,'' he says, ''was quite complicated. It was actually a game with Mae West items everywhere.''

West was 73 at the time. McDowall remembers her as ''very graceful, very feminine.'' Her tough public persona, he says, was ''carefully created.'' In private she was ''terribly sweet.''

Last year McDowall published his second volume of photos of celebrities, *Double Exposure*, and he is now at work on a third.



SPIKE NANNARELLO/SHOOTING STAR

**McDowall**

## GHOSTS STORY

BEFORE SHE BECAME A MUSICIAN, BEFORE SHE MARRIED EX-Beatle Paul McCartney 21 years ago, before she began a career photographing rock groups, Linda McCartney, born Linda Eastman (*not* of the Rochester, N.Y., film and camera family), was drawn to "photography as art."

In *Linda McCartney's Sun Prints*, a collection of photographs published in 1989, the former art history major indulged her love of "setting up funky, experimental, artsy shots." "Ghosts" began as a still life of her mantelpiece. "Then I began thinking how, in the old days, because of the camera's slow shutter speed, candid shots would make people appear blurred. Well, Paul kept walking in and out of the room, gesturing, so I captured him. When I saw it developed I was stunned by the effect." Like the other pictures in the book, "Ghosts" was taken on light-sensitive paper, then developed in sunlight.

McCartney, who calls herself "a musician on a punk level, and an amateur in most things," will soon publish her fourth book, a "non-cranky" vegetarian cookbook, *Linda McCartney's Home Cooking*.

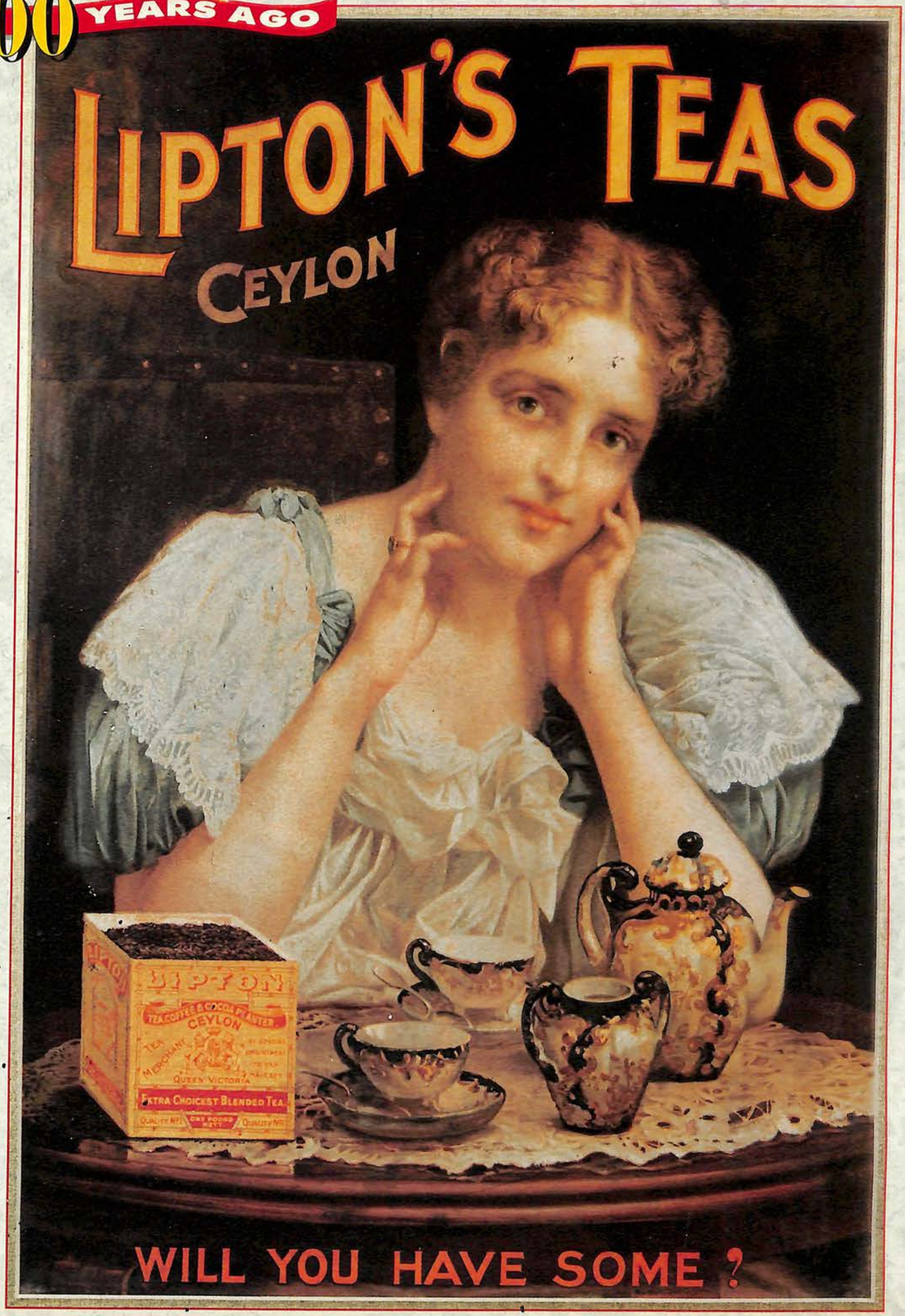
Meanwhile, she keeps taking pictures, mostly portraits. "In pictures of people and animals I like to capture the character, not the veneer. I don't retouch, I don't crop. I shoot what I see." ■

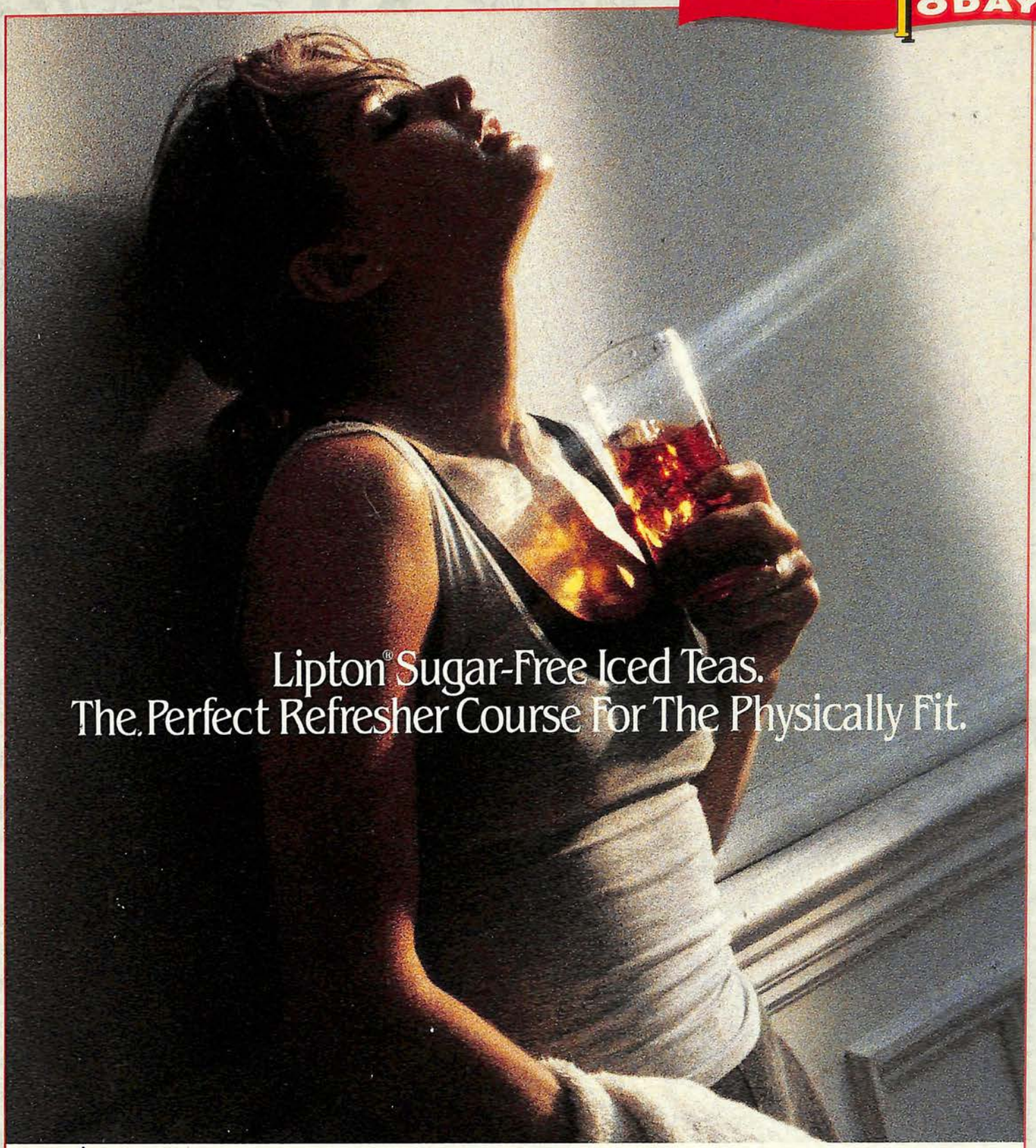
BILL BERNSTEIN/OUTLINE PRESS

**McCartney**

COURTESY OF LINDA MCCARTNEY

100 YEARS AGO





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# Move to Malibu

# *Tracing Tracy*

**By Lloyd Sachs**

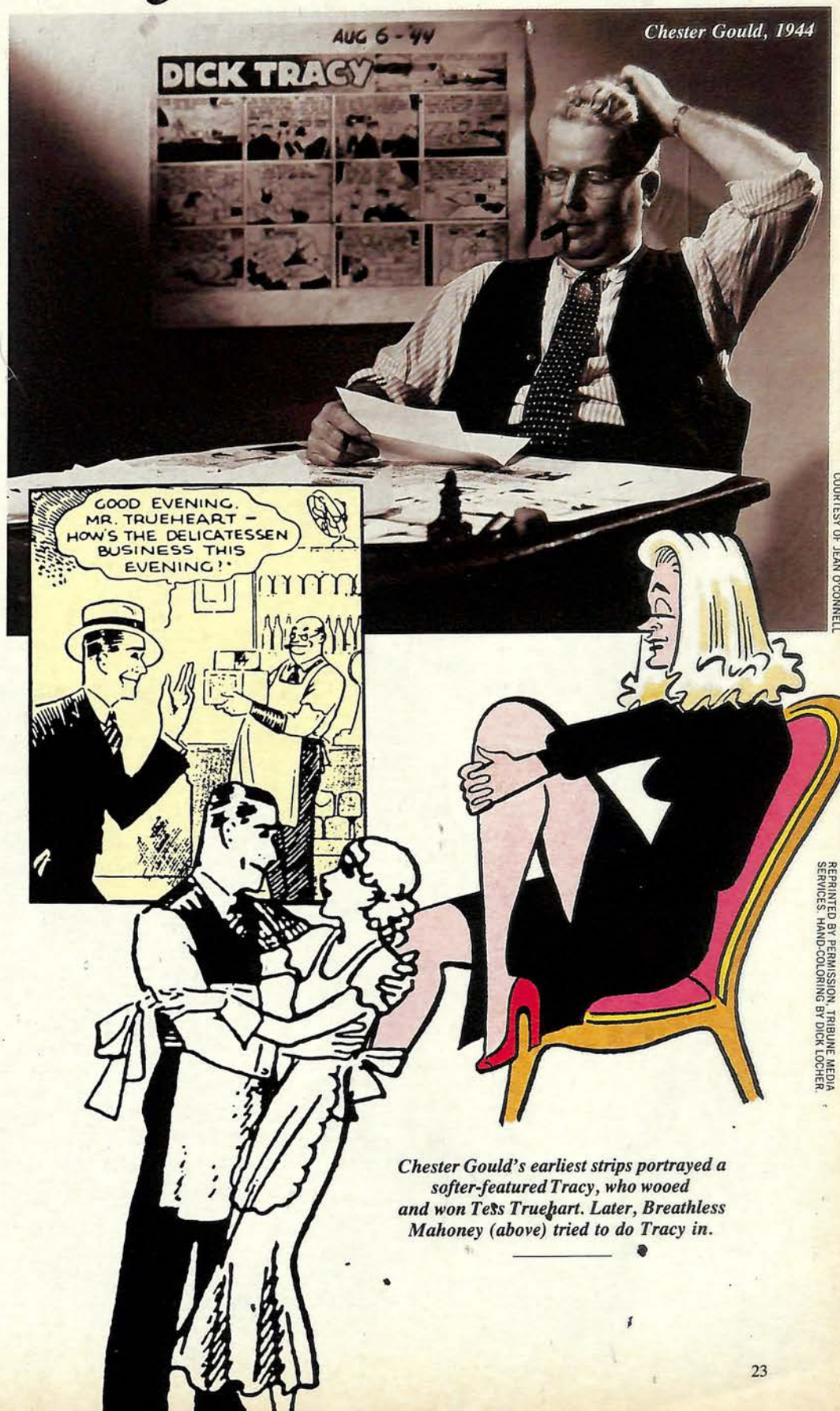
In 1931 Chester Gould submitted yet another comic strip proposal to Joseph Medill Patterson, head of the Chicago Tribune–New York News Syndicate. The cartoonist was prepared for another rejection; after all, he'd suffered them for 10 years. But this strip, ''Plainclothes Tracy,'' a grim, violent mystery serial about a humorless, cerebral, crime-busting police detective, was unlike anything Patterson, the country's premier syndicator of ''funnies,'' had ever seen.

At the time, most newspaper comic strips provided zany escape from reality; they were the sitcoms of their day. Gould's imaginative, if grizzly, offering marked a clear departure. What's more, Patterson liked it. He gave the cartoonist only two dictums: Change the hero's first name to the punchier Dick, and establish him as a regular Joe before easing him into official police work.

Patterson personally outlined the first strips: Tracy witnesses the abduction of fiancée Tess Truehart and the murder of her grocer father. Fueled by his rage at the perpetrators and his fears for Tess, Tracy takes off on a trail of undercover work, posing as a down-at-the-heels hood living in a flophouse. Only after rescuing Tess and delivering her kidnappers to justice does he join the force.

The strip debuted in the *Detroit Mirror* in October 1931 and ran a week later in the *New York Daily News*. It was an immediate hit and, for nearly six decades now, the detective has survived death by every foul means imaginable amid the mayhem, crime and gore that is his natural habitat. By the late 1950's, ''Dick Tracy'' had earned Gould 65 million readers in more than 550 newspapers (it runs in about 250 today). And it made him precisely what he had set out to be, a very rich man.

Gould was born in 1900 in Pawnee, Okla., the son of a small-town newspaper editor, and was drawing cartoons by the age of 7. After two years at Oklahoma A & M, Gould transferred to Northwest-




*Chester Gould, 1944*

COURTESY OF JEAN O'CONNELL

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***Chester Gould's earliest strips portrayed a softer-featured Tracy, who wooed and won Tess Truehart. Later, Breathless Mahoney (above) tried to do Tracy in.***

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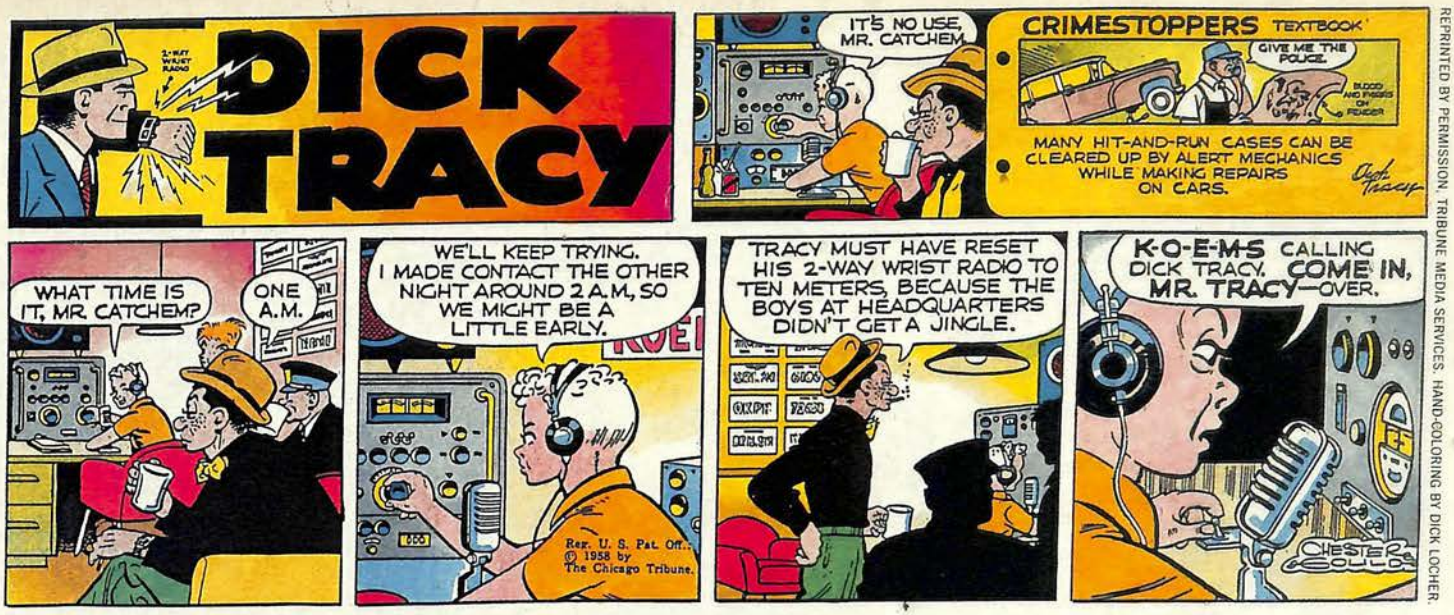
LLOYD SACHS *is the entertainment critic for the* Chicago Sun-Times.


DICK TRACY
IT'S NO USE, MR. CATCHEM.
CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK
GIVE ME THE POLICE.
BLOOD AND FIBERS ON FENDER
MANY HIT-AND-RUN CASES CAN BE CLEARED UP BY ALERT MECHANICS WHILE MAKING REPAIRS ON CARS.
Chester Gould
WHAT TIME IS IT, MR. CATCHEM?
ONE A.M.
WE'LL KEEP TRYING. I MADE CONTACT THE OTHER NIGHT AROUND 2 A.M., SO WE MIGHT BE A LITTLE EARLY.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.: © 1958 by The Chicago Tribune.
TRACY MUST HAVE RESET HIS 2-WAY WRIST RADIO TO TEN METERS, BECAUSE THE BOYS AT HEADQUARTERS DIDN'T GET A JINGLE.
K-O-E-M-S CALLING DICK TRACY. COME IN, MR. TRACY—OVER.
CHESTER GOULD

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ern University, just outside Chicago, because, he later recalled, "I wanted to get rich, and the way to do that was to draw cartoons that the *Chicago Tribune* would syndicate." Instead he spent a decade drifting in and out of the art departments of five Chicago dailies. Before his success with "Dick Tracy," Gould had been considered a scrapper, and a bit of a failure.

The strip's popularity brought out the workaholic. He spent most of his time at the drawing board he installed on his 130-acre farm in Woodstock, Ill., 60 miles from Chicago. He is said to have taken only three weeks of vacation in his working life. He also made it a habit to complete his scripts 13 weeks before publication, leaving him plenty of time to embellish his villains and devise ever more fantastic crime-fighting tools (he introduced the two-way wrist radio in 1946 and updated it as a two-way TV in 1964).

Dozens of bizarre characters—The Brow, Flattop, Mole, B-B Eyes and Pruneface among them—were born at the Woodstock worktable and, when the time came—usually after about three months—ingeniously dispatched there. The Brow, a Nazi spy, fell off a building, impaling himself on an American Eagle atop a flagpole, and Mumbles drowned after he punctured his own life raft. Gould even created an actual graveyard on the farm for his villains; plywood tombstones carried the dates of their departures from the strip.

Gould's bent for the macabre extended to the animals raised on his farm; he liked to decapitate chickens on a tree stump, and his daughter, Jean Gould O'Connell, remembers the time he shot a steer and cut it up on the kitchen table. "We were slipping and sliding for days on sawdust," says O'Connell. "When it was cooked, it tasted like shoe leather." (Her mother—

# Celluloid Sleuth

Fans of "Dick Tracy" and Warren Beatty have been awaiting the Disney version of the comic strip cautiously. "DON'T COUNT THE BOX-OFFICE BEFORE IT'S HATCHED," a Tracy Hypestoppers Textbook might warn, with an arrow pointing to *Ishtar*, Beatty's 1987 mega-flop. Will Hollywood's spiffy special effects do right by creator Chester Gould's unpolished, off-the-wall expressionism? Will Beatty's smooth profile and superstar ego undermine the hook-nosed, stiff-jawed American icon?

BEATTY'S TRACY

The detective in the bright yellow fedora and trenchcoat made his film debut a half-century ago in serials starring Ralph Byrd. There was also a handful of RKO B-movies, released in the mid-40's, that starred Byrd and Morgan Conway.

By all accounts Beatty, who also produced and directed the film, has been faithful to the strip, which was first optioned some 13 years ago. A perfectionist, Beatty reportedly went well over the movie's budget, some of which went to Broadway's Stephen Sondheim, who wrote four songs for Breathless Mahoney (Madonna), and to soundtrack composer Danny Elfman, who came to *Dick Tracy* on the cape of *Batman*.

With its bold, primary colors and its vaguely 1930's setting, the movie is startlingly evocative of the strip. Vintage photographs of Chicago help create an eerie fantasy city of concrete and chrome, mansions and storefronts. Tommy guns emit gas jets ("It's really interesting to *see* sound," says the present Tracy comic-strip artist, Dick Locher). And the villains, with their prosthetic snouts, asymmetrical features, saggy skins, warped skulls and hunched backs, are spectacularly grotesque.

They are headed by the Capone-like Big Boy Caprice, played by Al Pacino in a role said to be as pivotal as Jack Nicholson's Joker in *Batman*. Other villainous cohorts include Mumbles (Dustin Hoffman), Flattop (William Forsythe), Ribs Mocca (James Caan), 88 Keyes (Mandy Patinkin) and Lips Manlis (Paul Sorvino). Beatty apparently nixed the idea of replicating Tracy's hawkish profile, a decision that Disney Pictures has gone to some lengths to justify.

Written by Bo Goldman (*Melvin and Howard, Shoot the Moon*), the script pits Tracy against Big Boy, who is trying to consolidate the mobs and take control of the city. Madonna's bleached-blonde Mahoney—a minor figure in the strip—is a come-hither torch singer in a swank deco club. She tempts Tracy from the straight and narrow and puts his love for his girlfriend, Tess Trueheart (Glenne Headly), to the supreme test.

You won't need a two-way wrist computer: Good or bad, there will be no escaping *Dick Tracy*. —L.S.

WALT DISNEY/SHOOTING STAR. ©THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Gould's widow, Edna—still lives near the family homestead.)

Not surprisingly, Gould revered policemen, took classes in forensics, ballistics and fingerprinting and made certain that a police sketch artist reviewed every strip for accuracy. Gould was never happier than the time the Chicago police gave him a lift to a superintendent's retirement party. "It was the first time he had ever been in a squad car, with the lights flashing and the siren wailing," says Bob Wiedrich, a veteran *Chicago Tribune* reporter. "He was just like a little kid."

Wiedrich is one of many who liked the short, stocky cartoonist. "He was like everyone's grandfather," he says. Gould's daughter goes along with that. "No matter what was going on," she remembers, "he always set aside two hours every day to play with me. He invented all sorts of games." But there was more to him than the paternal. "My father had so many sides," O'Connell adds, "he could change like a light switching on and off."

"Some of the people who worked for Chet hated him so bad they couldn't see straight," said a contemporary of Gould's. "He could be a terrible slave driver. There could be a blizzard outside and if an assistant showed up at the farmhouse five minutes late, he would dock him."

"He was tough," agrees Max Allan Collins, the mystery novelist who, with cartoonist Rick Fletcher, inherited the strip at Gould's retirement at Christmas 1977 and writes it to this day. (Gould died in 1985.) "You wouldn't want to cross him. He would give you the shirt off his back but ask you to return it when you were finished."

"He was a curmudgeon—boisterous, loud, opinionated and talented," adds Dick Locher, a former Gould assistant and later a Pulitzer-winning political cartoonist who replaced Fletcher as the strip's artist after Fletcher's death in 1983. "[Gould] had an ego, but he also had a sense of humor that never came through in the strip. One time he insisted I take home a machine gun we had in the office to draw from. I was out on the street, carrying it in this big box, when these cops stopped me and started asking me what I was carrying. After I had sweated enough, they admitted Chet had called them up and asked them to give me a ride to the train station."

When Locher took over the strip, the syndicator gave him two rules: "Don't change it too suddenly, and do whatever you want with it." Collins says he's tried to "get back to the kind of character Tracy was in the early days. Tracy was more vulnerable and human then—more of a family man and less of a law-and-order symbol." At the same time, he and Locher have also made him more contemporary. Recent strips refer to *glasnost*, celebrity-stalking, computer viruses and dream research, though some of Collins and Locher's ideas, like a story line about the detective fighting a drug syndicate, have been vetoed by Tribune Media Services, which reviews each Tracy story before publication.

Collins believes Gould would be pleased to see his creation on the big screen again. In a review for the *Tribune*, Gould had nice things to say about a limp 1945 interpretation that starred Morgan Conway. "One of the few times he expressed disappointment," Collins says, "had to do with the fact that 'Dick Tracy' had never gotten a major movie production."■

LOOK MA—I'M HIDING IN A PHONE BOOTH AT JOE'S CIGAR STORE. I WANT YOU TO BRING ME MY OLD SUIT HANGING IN THE BACK CLOTHES CLOSET —UNDERSTAND, MA?
FLYFACE

LITTLE BOY BEARD

RHODENT

SPOTS

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# The SNAPSHOT Then and Now

"You Press the Button, We Do the Rest." Sound like a slogan for Kodak's new ***Fling 35*** camera? Guess again. It was the ad pitch with which George Eastman introduced his first camera, just over a century ago.

Eastman called his invention the ***Kodak*** – a nonsense word that could be pronounced, he reasoned, in any language. He sold the camera pre-loaded with a long roll of black-and-white film. (It cost $25, leather carrying case included.) When the erstwhile snapshooter finished the roll, he or she simply returned the ***camera***, film and all, to the photofinisher.

That's just what you do with today's Fling 35. But in 1888, the photofinisher wasn't the one-hour lab around the corner: it was Eastman's Rochester (New York) factory. There, the film was removed from the camera, processed, and printed.

In the meantime, the Kodak was reloaded and mailed back to the customer. A package of individually-mounted ***circular*** prints soon followed – usually. The turnaround depended on the weather, because the negatives were printed by the light of the sun.

That unique service – the beginning of the photofinishing industry – was what made the Kodak a photographic landmark. Before Eastman's brainchild, the photographer had to double as darkroom technician, processing and printing his or her own film. In sparing its users such drudgery, the Kodak camera gave birth to the snapshot.

The Fling 35, Weekend 35, and Stretch 35 carry on that tradition of carefree photography. To bring Eastman's slogan up to date, all you have to do is point and shoot. And the unusual capabilities of these single-use descendents of the Kodak make them more remarkable as ***cameras*** than their famous forebear.

The Weekend 35's ingenious clear plastic case, for instance, lets you take underwater pictures as deep as eight feet – a feat that would ordinarily require a costly waterproof housing. And it's great just for splashing around. The Stretch 35 does the same for panoramic photography, giving

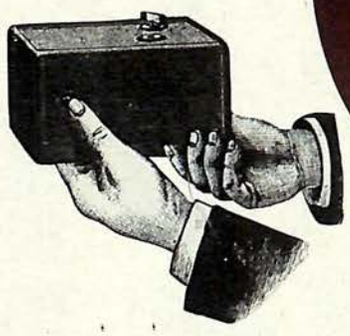
KODAK PRESENTS THE

you a dazzling wide-angle view in a standard print a full ten inches across. Both cameras let you take pictures that you could otherwise only take with specialized models costing hundreds of dollars more.

And if you like the results, you can start all over again with a new, freshly-loaded camera – a concept that the far-sighted inventor of the Kodak would feel perfectly at home with. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

**SWIMMING PARTY,** 1890
Eastman called the Kodak a "photographic notebook," and the Kodak's public came to call its pictures snapshots – a word borrowed from the hunter's practice of shooting from the hip, unaimed. It was a good analogy: the camera was used at waist level (or in this case, water level!), and angular site lines on its top deck made composition an approximate affair.

George Eastman's Kodak camera was a well-crafted, light-tight wooden box covered with black leather. In the heyday of glass plate negatives and the big cameras that needed them, it was remarkably small, a product of the compact roll of flexible film it contained. The Kodak's size encouraged photographers to take it along for the ride – and the snapshot.



**THREE FRIENDS,** 1890
The first Kodak pictures were circular, a shape created by the camera's built-in mask. Each 2½-inch-diameter print came neatly mounted on a gilt-edged card. A single roll of film produced a whopping 100 pictures – enough to satisfy even the most snaphappy Victorian gentleman.

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FILM FESTIVAL

# Our Miss Brooks

SPRINGER/BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

**STAGE DOOR (1937) with Katharine Hepburn (left) and Andrea Leeds.** "Director Gregory LaCava called a meeting with the ladies in the cast. Lines were tossed to us like bones to a puppy. However, the first of the juicy lines was greeted by complete silence. 'If no one wants this, I'll take it,' I said bravely, and was rewarded with a hoot from Katharine Hepburn, who said, 'She's the one to watch out for, girls.' "

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**OH DOCTOR (1937) with Edward Everett Horton.** "I was fortunate on this, my first film, to work with Eddie. I had very little money and he had those wonderful Sunday brunches that I was always invited to. I first met Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Merle Oberon there."

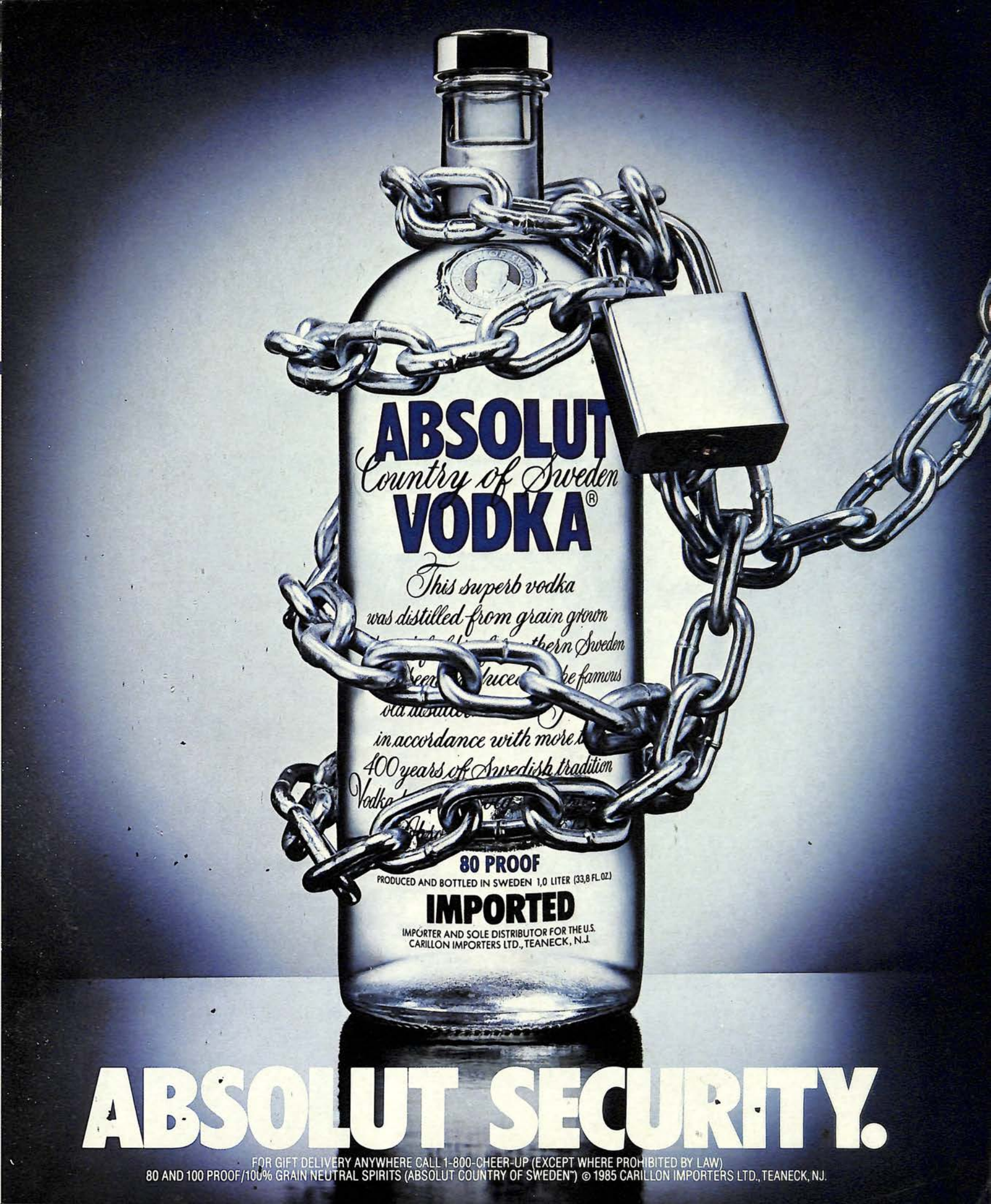
KOBAL COLLECTION

**COMRADE X (1940) with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr.** "Clark and I worked on the same newspaper in Moscow. I was his girlfriend but lost him to the flawless beauty of Hedy Lamarr. After leaving the studio one evening, I stopped at the gas station across the street from M-G-M and Clark drove up. He suddenly asked if he could drive me home. Coward that I was, I refused and stepped on the gas while I still had the strength."

**AT THE CIRCUS (1939) with Groucho Marx.** "I had to hang by my knees while Groucho ran into the room and we read several lines of dialogue together. He kept blowing his lines and my stomach muscles were getting sore as hell. I finally got down, went to a corner of the set, blew my nose and said, 'Let's get it! Shall we?' We got the shot on the next take."

PHOTOFEST (3)

**ZIEGFELD GIRL (1941) with Lana Turner.** "Just the thought that Metro believed I could pass for a Ziegfeld girl, particularly next to Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr, was the most flattering thing that ever happened to me."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# FILM FESTIVAL

PHOTOFEST (3)

**LET'S FACE IT (1943) with Bob Hope (second from left), Cully Richards (left) and Dave Willock.** "On Broadway Bob and I got to do a humorous song, 'I Can't Get Started With You,' which audiences loved. We were reunited for the movie but we never got to do the song."

KOBAL COLLECTION

**COVER GIRL (1944) with Rita Hayworth.** "This kind of studio publicity still drives me up the wall; it has nothing to do with the film. I was surprised at how shy Rita Hayworth was. Orson Welles was a frequent visitor on the set, and they never should have exchanged marriage vows!"

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

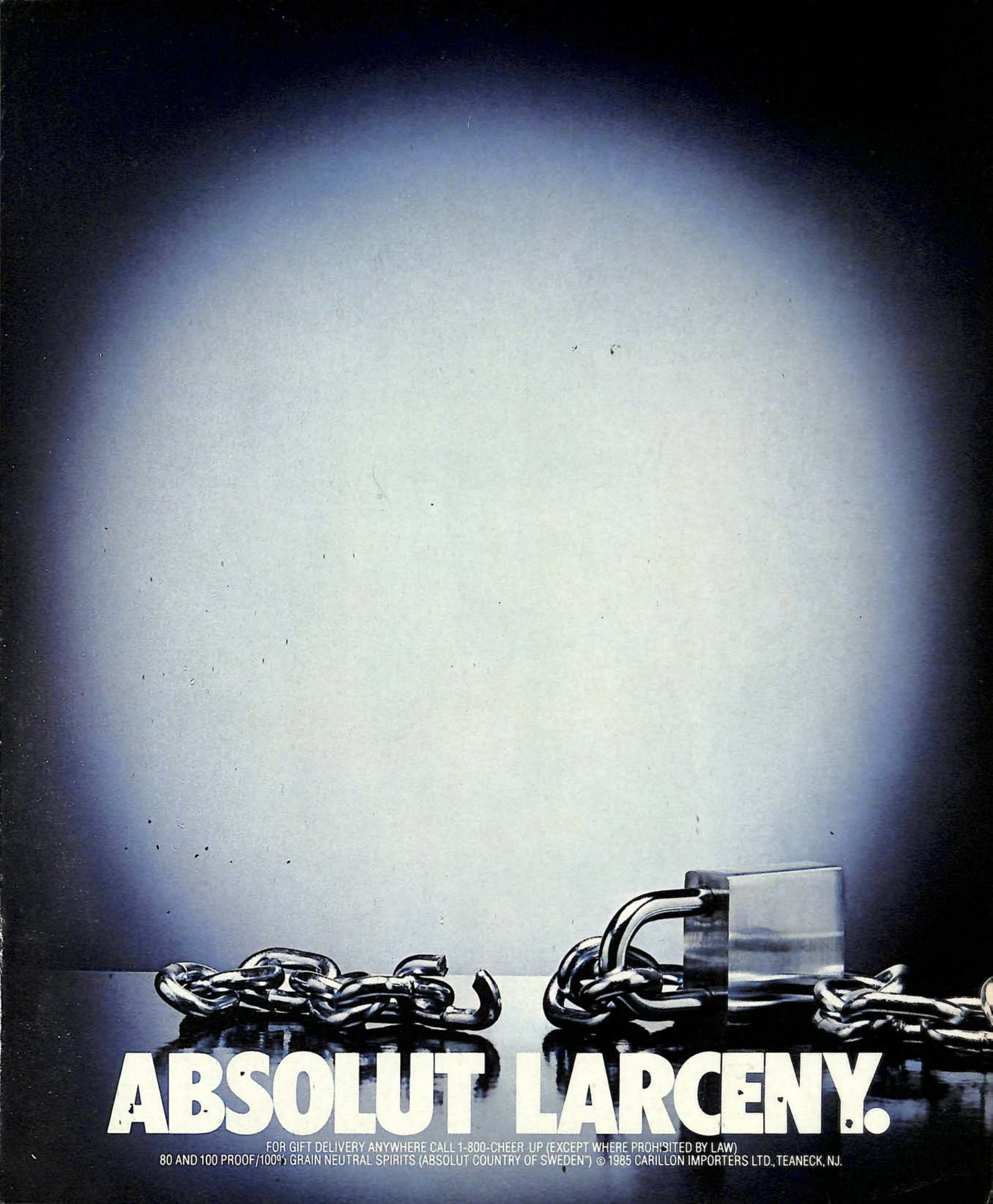
**MILDRED PIERCE (1945) with Joan Crawford (left) and Ann Blyth.** "Memorable for two reasons: It resulted in my getting an Academy Award nomination, and the wonderful reviews prompted Warner Brothers to find better scripts for me."

**MY REPUTATION (1946) with Barbara Stanwyck.** "For the first time, censorship was bent. My screen husband and I were filmed in bed without the obligatory one foot on the floor. A breakthrough, but I refuse to take the blame for where things have gone from there."

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**VOICE OF THE TURTLE (1947) with Ronald Reagan.** "One of my favorite roles, and opposite a future President of the United States. We never became close, but I did several films with Jane Wyman, still a good friend. I was delighted to work with her recently as a guest star on *Falcon Crest*."

**ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (1948) with Tom Conway and Ava Gardner.** "These hairdos look more like hair-don'ts. My only film with Ava Gardner and Tom Conway, who, you may not remember, was George Sanders's brother."

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# FILM FESTIVAL

PHOTOFEST

**GOODBYE, MY FANCY (1951) with Joan Crawford.** "The best work I've ever done on film. I saw it on the late show the other night and almost went into shock. My best scenes were cut to make room for commercials."

PHOTOFEST

**ANATOMY OF A MURDER (1959) with Arthur O'Connell (left) and James Stewart.** "Not one of my biggest roles but my favorite because it was the only time I got to work on screen with my late husband, Brooks West, who actually had a bigger part [as a prosecuting attorney] than I did. Director Otto Preminger thought Brooks was wonderful."

**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS (1960) with Dorothy McGuire.** "I've never seen this film, but I enjoyed making it. It was the only time I worked with the late Robert Preston, an actor I greatly admired. I wish we had made more films together. Dorothy and I recently discussed doing another play together."

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**OUR MISS BROOKS (1952-56) with Gale Gordon.** "In 1953 I was nominated for a second time for an Emmy for the *Our Miss Brooks* TV series. I was pregnant, feeling tired and sure I wouldn't win. I watched the ceremonies on TV as I worked on a hooked rug. 'Darling,' I said to my pacing husband, 'sit down and relax, I'm not going to win.' Then they announced my name! My press agent had warned me that photographers might show up. I rushed to the bathroom and slathered cleansing cream on my face. Finally, with a clean face and suitable dress, the pictures were taken."

KOBAL COLLECTION (2)

**THE MOTHERS-IN-LAW (1967-69) with Kaye Ballard.** "I think this show might have lasted more than two seasons if our producer, Desi Arnaz, had been less combative with NBC. I don't think I will ever again commit to the daily grind of a weekly TV series. I'd prefer occasional guest appearances or a good film."

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**GREASE (1978) with Annette Charles and John Travolta.** "I'm a frustrated dancer, and this is one of the rare times when I got to kick up my heels before the camera—and with John Travolta yet! I never anticipated that *Grease* would become such a blockbuster and that I would be asked back to do a sequel. I'm delighted that John has a new career again." ■

My Uncle Lester was an expert corn-on-the-cob eater. (At least that's what he said.)
At our family picnics, I used to love watching him. He'd reach into the bucket, snap up a hot ear of corn, and juggle it frantically back to his plate.
Then, as he would spread on the LAND O LAKES® Butter, he'd lecture on the finer points of salting, holding, and devouring each ear "the right way," typewriter style.
I haven't seen Uncle Lester in years, and I can't say I remember every little detail of his "cobbing" technique.
But I'll have to admit that even today I still heartily endorse the part about LAND O LAKES® Butter.
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*le Jardin*

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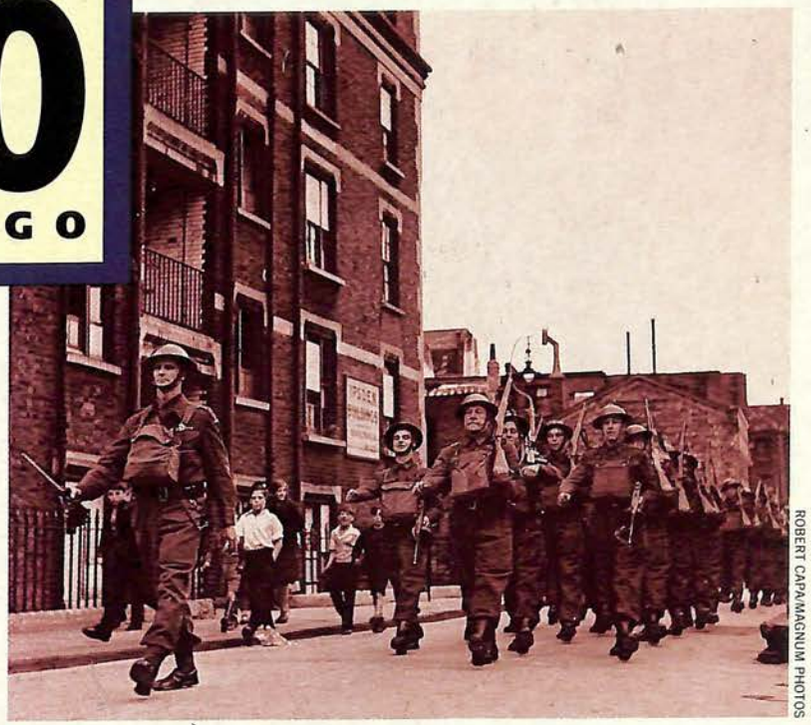
JUNE AND JULY

# 1940

## 50 YEARS AGO



ROBERT CAPA/MAGNUM PHOTOS

### THE VOICE OF CHURCHILL

**June 4** "We shall fight on the beaches . . . . We shall never surrender." Millions were moved by Winston Churchill's now-famous speech when it was broadcast on the radio. What few people realized, though, was that it was not Churchill they were listening to, but an actor named Norman Shelley. Churchill, who had delivered the speech to Parliament earlier in the day, was too busy to repeat it for broadcast, so he asked the BBC to get a substitute. Shelley, a BBC employee who had been heard imitating Churchill's voice at work, got the job. "Very nice," Churchill said of Shelley's work.

### UNCLE SAM GEARS UP

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

**July 10** According to two Gallup polls, only 14 percent of the American people favor U.S. entry into the European war, but 85 percent favor stronger national defense. Apparently FDR agrees. He asked Congress today for an additional $4.8 billion for the military, an increase of nearly 100 percent over the existing allotment. "We will not use our arms in a war of aggression," Roosevelt assured Congress.

### THE COMING INVASION

**July** With the fall of Western Europe to the Nazis, the people of Great Britain are hurriedly preparing for what seems a certain German invasion. Coastal villages have already been evacuated and the rest of the country is taking precautions against a paratroop assault. Road and directional signs are being taken down to confuse the enemy, and a group of volunteers called the "home guard," consisting mostly of boys and older men, are being armed with ancient rifles to pick off descending paratroopers. Citizens carry gas masks. The United States and other English-speaking countries have offered to take refugees. Sugar, butter, meat and tea are being rationed. Despite the frenetic preparations, the British people are in good spirits, their defiance of Hitler at an all-time high.

### WE WANT WILLKIE

**June 28** "Nothing exactly like it ever happened before in American politics," proclaimed *Newsweek*, announcing that Wendell Willkie—in his very first run for public office—was today chosen as the Republican candidate for President. Willkie, 44, a New York businessman originally from Indiana, beat out early favorites Robert A. Taft and Thomas E. Dewey. He was chosen in an apparent groundswell of support for new blood at the top levels of the G.O.P. Willkie, who opposes the New Deal, was a Democrat until 1939 and will be running against a President (FDR) he says he voted for in 1932.
**Update** Roosevelt trounced Willkie in the popular election, getting 27.2 million votes to 22.3 million.

### War Rages On

**June 9** Norway falls to Nazis; King Haakon flees to London . . . **June 10** Italy declares war against England and France . . . **June 15-16** Soviet Union occupies Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Pro-Soviet puppet governments are installed and on July 21 declare these countries part of Soviet Union . . . **July 3** British navy destroys most of French fleet at Oran Bay, Algeria, fearing a conquered France will turn over her navy to Germany.

### At Home

**June 20** Joe Louis successfully defends heavyweight boxing title for 11th time in three years, knocking out Arturo Godoy in 8th round . . . **July 27** Tommy Dorsey Band has the number-one song in the country, *I'll Never Smile Again*, sung by an unbilled young singer named Frank Sinatra.

### Death

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**July 15** Robert Wadlow, at 8 feet 10 inches the tallest man in recorded annals, dies in Michigan at age 22 of complications following foot infection.

### Films

Now showing: *They Drive by Night* with Humphrey Bogart; *Edison the Man* with Spencer Tracy.

**50 YEARS AGO:**
**THE NAZIS INVADE PARIS**

*Beneath the calm, a war of nerves gripped Paris. But no one expected the Germans to come so soon.*

***August 1939***

# The Fall o

SYGMA

# ...of France

**By Alistair Horne**

*June 1940*

KEYSTONE

On June 10, 1940, a German army stood at the threshold of Paris for the third time in 70 years. In 1870, Bismarck's Prussians had besieged Paris for four months before it fell. In August 1914, the Kaiser's hordes reached within cannon sound of the City of Light before being turned back. And now, one month after crossing the Belgian frontier, Hitler's panzer tanks were approaching the gates of a defenseless city.

How had it all happened with such devastating speed?

Though war with Germany had seemed horribly imminent, the previous Paris summer of 1939 had passed with a kind of frenzied brilliance. Official receptions all seemed to have a note of unreality about them; none had rivaled the July ball thrown at the Polish

Embassy, at which the Ambassador led his staff and guests barefoot across the lawn in a polonaise until three in the morning. Ten days later, the last peacetime Bastille Day was full of the splendid panoply of a past age: Foreign Legionnaires, black Senegalese, cavalry in shining breastplates, even a detachment of British Grenadier Guards in scarlet tunics and bearskins, as if to reassure Frenchmen they had an ally.

The shattering blow of the Hitler–Stalin nonaggression pact came in August, freeing the Nazi war machine to attack Poland at will—and, in due course, France herself. In a country where one voter in five was Communist, the Soviet defection knocked the props out from under France, removing what little there was of any will to fight. For the next eight months, the legendary French Army and its British allies sat motionless behind the Maginot Line—firing barely a shot in support of the swiftly crushed Poles, waiting for Hitler to attack.

As 1939 turned into 1940, life in Paris went on. Driven by their age-old dread of exile, those Parisians who had departed at the outbreak of war began to return to the capital. People were earning good money and spending it freely. The hit song of the season was Maurice Chevalier's "Paris reste Paris" ("Paris Is Still Paris"). Some busied themselves in good works. At the Ritz Hotel, chic ladies shook tin cans for refugee relief and soldiers' canteens, then (if not a liquorless day, of which there were three a week) took themselves off to a champagne lunch. The Red Cross and volunteer nursing organizations were overstaffed. According to one wry observer, "20,000 nurses and more were demanding the wounded. Some of them gave the impression of believing that the military authority was failing in its duties by not providing them."

*Occupied Paris: Walking shoes sold out.*

Spring came, but still Hitler did not. Well-to-do Parisians lingered in the boulevard cafes, listening to the strains of "J'attendrai" ("I Will Wait") and dreaming of last year's holidays. A young American journalist, Clare Boothe, rhapsodized about how chestnuts "burst into leaf on the lovely avenues of Paris, sunlight danced off the opalescent gray buildings, and the gold and gray sunsets, glimpsed through the soaring Arc de Triomphe at the end of the long splendid vista of the Champs-Elysées, brought a catch of pain and pleasure to your throat."

There were art shows in the Grand Palais, horse racing at Auteuil and soccer matches in the suburbs. "The shop windows of Van Cleef & Arpels and Mauboussin and Cartier sparkled with great jewels in the sunlight," Boothe wrote, "and lots of people bought them." True, there were meatless days, sugarless days, liquorless days, and the patisseries closed three days a week. But the writer André Maurois found the "immortals" of the Academy peaceably working away at its eternal dictionary of the French language, arguing whether the word *aile* (wing) was a muscle or a limb. Certainly, Paris was still Paris.

On May 2, Parisian society gave its last party, a charity gala at the Marigny Theatre. The front seats were occupied by such fallen monarchs as the Duke of Windsor and King Zog of

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ALISTAIR HORNE *is a British historian whose books include* To Lose a Battle: France 1940, *which has just been published in a revised edition.* TERESKA TORRES*'s latest book,* Les Années Anglaises, *is a diary of her wartime service with the Free French in England.*

## ✦ *Black Cloud*

MARIE AVERBUCH was 22 and a secretary in Paris in June 1940. "Everyone wanted to leave," she says. "In our apartment house only our family and one other were left. We found a car, but there was no gasoline. I went looking for some. When I came back with a full can the car had disappeared. Because the radio had advised all young men to leave the city, I went looking for a bicycle for my nephew, who we decided must go. Someone said they were selling bicycles at the Austerlitz station, but when I got there they were all gone. Crowds with piles of luggage, baby carriages and crying babies were waiting for trains going south, but there was no sign of any. Everything was strewn about. Some of the suitcases had burst open.

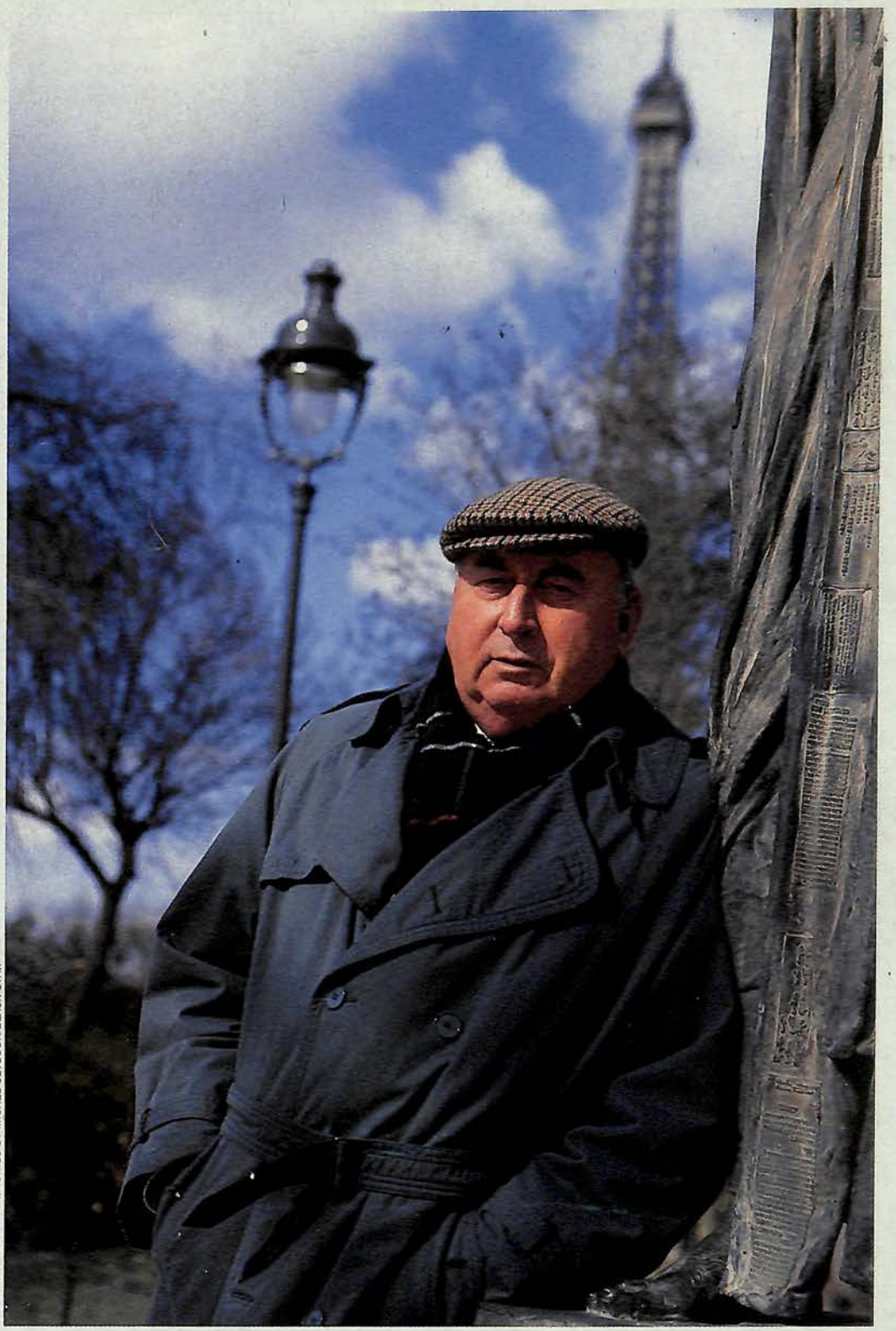
"A few hours before the Germans arrived we saw an enormous black cloud covering Paris like a curtain. It was scary. After a few hours it disappeared. We thought maybe the Germans had sent it over for psychological reasons. Paris seemed absolutely deserted. Everything was closed, all the shops, and there was no food, no newspapers. People who had left on foot had abandoned suitcases in the streets, also their cars because there was no gas."

The cloud that she remembers is thought to have been the result of the German bombing of gasoline storage tanks outside the city. Today Averbuch, who never married, lives alone in Paris. —Tereska Torres

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY MICHEL SETBOUN/BLACK STAR

# ✦ A Sad and Hungry Place

FPG INTERNATIONAL



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY MICHEL SETBOUN/BLACK STAR

JEAN PAUL AYMON, then 18, stayed on in Paris to take the examination high school students must pass to go to a university. His older brother was in the army, and the rest of the family had left for their country house in Bordeaux. Aymon remembers that two days before the Germans entered the city, "the weather was magnificent, but Paris was dead. Just a few days earlier, well-off students were still going to dances at one another's houses. We were totally unconscious of the coming tragedy. We were sure—and our fathers were sure—that we had the best army in the world. In the subway there were posters saying, 'We will win because we are the strongest.' We were all singing a Maurice Chevalier lyric—'*Paris reine du monde, Paris c'est une blonde*.' On June 12, I decided to go to Bordeaux with a friend whose mother had a car and a chauffeur. We took our exams there.

"At the end of summer I came back to Paris, alone. With the Germans in charge it was a sad and hungry place. I was one of thousands of students who staged the first large demonstration against the occupation, at the Arc de Triomphe. It was Nov. 11, the anniversary of the end of the First World War, and the idea was to remind everyone that France was more than collaboration, bent backs and the black market.

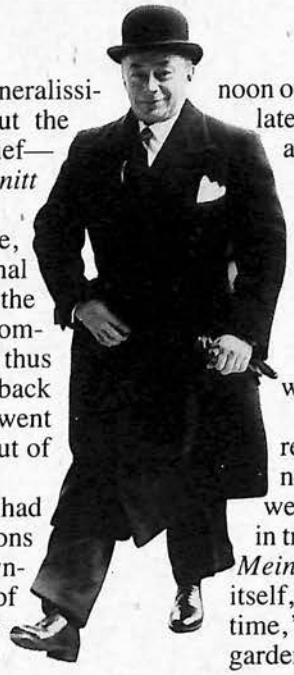
"We met in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Suddenly the Germans appeared. These were not the soldiers who marched in perfect order, played concerts in our parks, smiled at the children. These were the soldiers we would learn about only too well in the coming years—helmeted, pointing their machine guns at us. Trucks drove around and around the Place de l'Etoile. Then at six o'clock, as dusk was about to fall, I heard the first crack of gunfire and a burst of grenades." Nearly a hundred students were wounded, but no one was killed.

Today Aymon is a freelance journalist who writes about boats and boat racing and lives near the sea in Brittany. —T.T.

Albania. On May 7, the same day that the French generalissimo, Maurice Gamelin, restored leave throughout the army—against the advice of his intelligence chief—Hitler was fixing the date for Operation *Sichelschnitt* (sickle cut): May 10.

Supported by the full power of Göring's Luftwaffe, Hitler struck with devastating force. Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt's 45 divisions slipped through the rugged Ardennes forests, which the French High Command had long deemed "impenetrable," and were thus only lightly defended. The great columns reached back 50 miles east of the Rhine; yet, amazingly, they went undetected by the French air force, and emerged out of the forest, where they were least expected.

By the evening of May 13, Guderian's panzers had broken through second-rate reservist French divisions and were swarming across the Meuse River. Downstream, the dashing Gen. Erwin Rommel, later of Afrika Korps fame, had forced a second crossing at Dinant. Brushing aside feeble French armored counterattacks, the Germans had joined their bridgeheads together by nightfall on the 14th, ripping a hole 60 miles wide in the French front. Through it the German soldiers were pouring into a bottomless pocket.



KEYSTONE

*Reynaud: Fighter by instinct.*

This struck panic into the hearts of the French Government in Paris, which believed the capital to be Hitler's immediate objective. But the brilliance of *Sichelschnitt* was that it would deceive the French defenders as to its real aim—a thrust to the channel—until it was too late. First thoughts were to take 40 squads of Gardes Mobiles from the hard-pressed army, to maintain order in Paris against a possible uprising.

Small, doughty French Premier Paul Reynaud was a fighter by instinct, but his Cabinet was riddled with defeatists. Reynaud's powerful mistress, Hélène de Portes, also urged capitulation (it was widely rumored that her favors were shared by the other Paul in the Cabinet, Baudouin, its influential and strongly defeatist Secretary). As the crisis deepened, Madame de Portes harassed Reynaud mercilessly, sometimes even chivvying him out of his own Cabinet meetings.

In London, early on the morning of May 15, a desperate call from Reynaud woke Winston Churchill, who had been Britain's Prime Minister for only five days. Reynaud told him the battle was lost. Churchill's attempts of reassurance were to no avail. That evening a further S O S came from Reynaud: "The way to Paris lies open. Send all the troops and planes you can."

Instead, Churchill sent himself, arriving in Paris on the afternoon of May 16. There, in the garden of the Quai d'Orsay, he later recalled, "clouds of smoke arose from large bonfires, and I saw from the window venerable officials pushing wheel-barrows of archives on to them." No words could have been more eloquent. Why were the Allied forces not attacking the exposed flank of the German advance, Churchill demanded. There was no strategic reserve, declared General Gamelin. "Ridiculous," Churchill told his Cabinet, "that France could be conquered by 120 tanks." All he could now offer were a few additional squadrons of Spitfires.

Yet, despite the panic in high places, Paris theaters remained open, though, an American correspondent noted, audiences "wept a good deal." The restaurants were full. Shops in the Rue de Rivoli kept up a brisk trade in trashy china Aberdeen terriers lifting a leg on a copy of *Mein Kampf*. But nothing was more distracting than spring itself, the sunniest on record. "Paris was still Paris in Maytime," Clare Boothe wrote. "The air was sweet and in the gardens of the Luxembourg and Bois, the unstartled birds sang . . . . Taxis tooted on the boulevards, glasses clinked on the marble tops of the bistro tables." Most curious of all was "how fear could grip the city in an icy chill at midnight, and then calm could reign . . . by midday."

For one thing, there was little hard news. Many war correspondents, fed up by the lack of news during the "phony war"—the long period of waiting for the Germans to strike—had been caught out of France when Hitler finally attacked. Also, the capital was in the grip of iron censorship, the press saturating the populace with nothing but bogus optimism.

The apparently unstoppable panzers, with their closely attentive Stuka dive bombers, were vastly assisted by day after day of spring sunshine. "Göring's weather," Churchill's outnumbered Royal Air Force pilots bitterly called it. By May 17, the panzers had reached the Serre River, only a hundred miles from Paris. Then, inexplicably, they halted. Hitler, it later transpired, suddenly had cold feet. The next day, when the advance was renewed, the relentless steel columns were seen to be swinging northward, *away* from Paris. A sense of relief permeated the city: Maybe he is going to England first. Or might Hitler repeat the Kaiser's fatal error of 1914, exposing his vulnerable left flank to the army of Paris?

Hopes were further raised by Reynaud's summoning two heroes from World War I, Marshal Philippe Pétain and Maxime Weygand, the latter to take over command from the unnerved Gamelin. But 84-year old Pétain was deeply defeatist and Weygand was to show himself almost more worried about a "Red" uprising than about the panzers.

To add to French woes, there were increasing (and almost entirely imaginary) alarms of "Fifth Columnist" betrayers at

UPI BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

*June 1940*

work; Communists were particularly suspect. Anti-Nazi refugees like the writer Arthur Koestler were rounded up, arrested and released. At Abbeville 22 prisoners were taken out and shot.

On Sunday, May 19, the entire French Cabinet went to Notre Dame cathedral, presumably to pray for a miracle. The American Ambassador, William Bullitt, was observed in tears. Nevertheless, the next day the panzers reached the sea, near Abbeville. France's First Army, the British Expeditionary Force and the remains of the Belgian Army found themselves in a vast pocket, with their backs to the English Channel. Churchill paid a second visit to Paris to lobby for the miracle that would save France—a French–British counterattack.

But within three days the riposte had collapsed and the British were falling back to the port of Dunkirk. In Paris, a "separate peace" lobby was growing daily—the telephone calls from Madame de Portes to Reynaud became increasingly strident, though the little Premier was still determined to fight on. Arthur Koestler discerned despair in "the onslaught on the railway stations. The disappearance of the buses and taxis from the streets. The melting away of the town, as if infected with consumption. Tommy guns at the street corners. The peculiar glance of the people in the Underground, with the dim candles of fear lit behind their eyeballs." Then he was rearrested, along with the leading German anti-Nazis who had

## ✦ *Taken in Shirtsleeves*

PIERRE LAPARRA was a soldier in the French Army. He had spent the winter of 1939-40 and early spring on the Maginot Line. "Nothing was happening. We were all bored, until May, when the fighting started. Near the Loire River, we surrendered to a German light armored division. I didn't even have time to put on my jacket. I was taken prisoner in shirtsleeves. We didn't resist because we thought the tanks were British.

"The Germans took us to a big factory that had been turned into an army prison. We stayed there for a week with absolutely no food. We had only water from the factory taps. I tried to escape with another soldier, but we were caught immediately. Then we were put to work building a camp. I tried to escape again and was caught again. After that my regiment was sent to a great château in a region where we had fought. One evening, another soldier and I found a little door that opened onto an empty moat. We hid in the moat till dark, then ran all night through fields. At daybreak we hid again.

"The second night we started walking again. We had only a little sugar to eat. In the morning we came to a farm. The farmer, a Belgian, had seen us coming. He opened the door and pulled us in. I remember how pretty his wife was. She could have been in a movie. He fed us, then we bathed. He gave us civilian clothes, and we took a train to Paris.

"To see Germans there was no big shock to me. I hadn't seen anything but Germans since I was captured. To tell you the truth, the big historic events of the time made no impact on me. All I was thinking about was where to hide and how to avoid being captured again. My father heard the Germans were looking for me. He felt I should stay in Paris, where I could disappear more easily. What I needed was false identity papers. I got them from a young woman named Jacqueline. A year later, she and I were married."

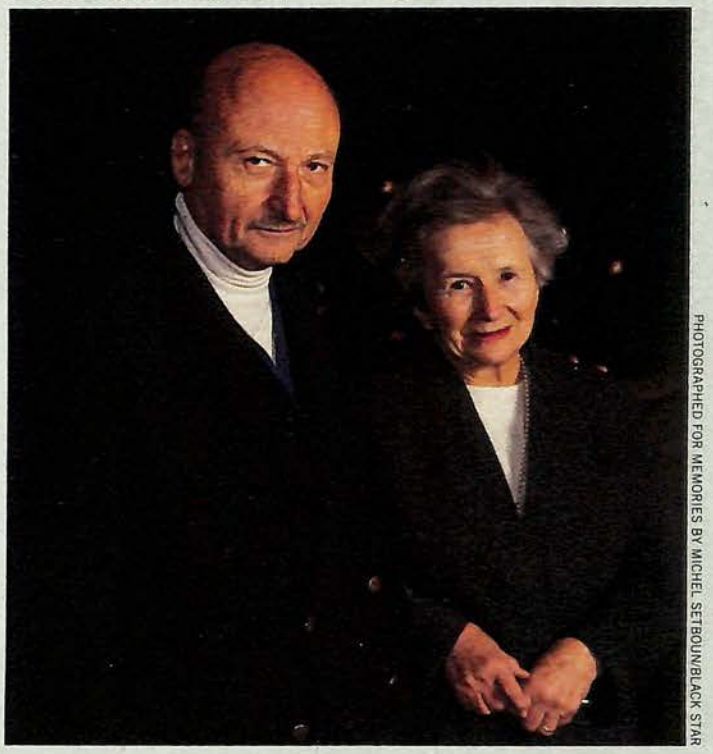
JACQUELINE LAPARRA worked for the Paris police. "The reason I made a false identity card for Pierre, whom I didn't know at the time, was that I was raised by a mother who had been made a young widow in 1916 by the First World War. She never remarried. Her life was destroyed by the death of my father.

"It was terrible to see those German soldiers everywhere, in the streets, on the subway, in the stores. I kept thinking of my father. Fortunately no German talked to me, because I would not have answered.

"Once, on a bus, a German soldier heard the word 'Versailles,' which was where he wanted to go. Everyone in the bus said, 'Yes, yes, this is Versailles.' So he got off—an hour from Versailles—and all the passengers started to laugh.

"About Pierre. A friend of mine knew his sister. He couldn't hide with his father because that's where the Germans would look first. He couldn't hide with his sister because she was afraid that if the Germans caught Pierre at her place they would take it out on her husband, who was a POW. So I decided to help Pierre. We met in a restaurant on the Boulevard Saint Michel, near where I lived. I took all the information and went back to my office at the Prefecture of Police. I even gave him a different age so he wouldn't be taken into the army again. He came to my office to get his new card and invited me to dinner, and that was the beginning."

Today the Laparras live in Paris, where he is a well-known sculptor. —T.T.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY MICHEL SETBOUN/BLACK STAR

# ✦ *Everyone Seemed Anesthetized*

HENRI BULAWKO, 24 and Jewish, was working with Jewish refugees when the Germans came to Paris. "Everyone seemed anesthetized," he says. "I knew very bad days were coming, but I had no idea what kind. I went to see the city's chief rabbi, who said my Jewish friends and I should organize. How? Against what?

"I contacted a few friends, and through them and their friends working at various town halls, we got hold of some false identity papers. With these we were able to get some Jewish children out of the city, illegally of course.

"At first there were posters everywhere depicting the Germans as nice and polite, but by the end of 1940 the arrests had begun, mostly of 'foreigners.'

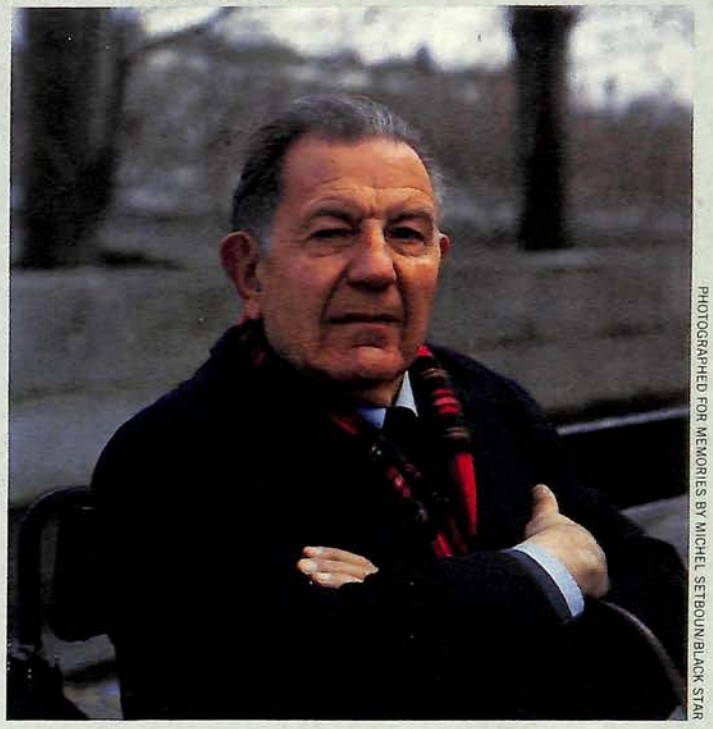
Next the Germans ordered all Jews to register; the word 'Jew' was inscribed on identity cards. I erased mine with bleach. If a Jew was arrested, for anything, he was sent away. I was then transporting arms and resistance pamphlets. I remember one time, at Passover, I had hidden subversive pamphlets in a matzoh box and a French policeman made fun of the fact that I was still observing a Jewish holiday. But because of the papers the joke was really on him.

"Another time I was on the Boulevard Saint Michel with my pockets full of false papers when the Germans blocked the street off. I couldn't run; they would have come after me. And I couldn't continue toward the roadblock; they would have asked for my papers. So I went straight to a French policeman and asked directions. The Germans saw me talking to him and didn't pay any more attention to me.

"Soon after, I wasn't so lucky. I was on the subway—again with false papers—when I saw Germans coming through the train, checking identity cards, making arrests. I went to another car. Two stations later, I got off. But I must have done something to alert them because they were waiting for me in the station.

"They took me first to a police station, where I pleaded to go to the bathroom and managed to flush the false papers down the toilet. But they sent me to the Drancy concentration camp and then to Auschwitz."

Bulawko was liberated after the war and is now president of the Auschwitz Survivors Association in Paris. —T.T.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY MICHEL SETBOUN/BLACK STAR

sought refuge in France, some of whom took cyanide.

On June 3, the day the British completed the "miracle" of Dunkirk, evacuating 338,000 Allied forces from the west coast of France to fight again, Paris was bombed for the first time, as the might of the German Army now turned southward. The French Army fought fiercely to protect the capital, but it was too late. On June 8, the sound of cannon became audible; the City of Light became a city in shadow. "The restaurants emptied," wrote a French diarist. "The Ritz, abandoned by its clients, looked like a palace in a spa on the day the baths closed down."

Arriving at the Lycée where she taught, the writer Simone de Beauvoir found that exams had been precipitately canceled. The children "were wandering gaily along the Rue Soufflot, apparently enjoying themselves to the full." She was one of the lucky ones to get a car out of Paris, awaking to see "a horrible flat landscape stretching into the distance"—the Parisian nightmare of banishment to the provinces. The less fortunate were discovering that even walking shoes were disappearing from stores. On the 10th, the Government left for Tours, and then Bordeaux. On June 11, Paris was declared an open city. André Maurois recognized that "France would become a body without a head. The war had been lost."

On June 14, as troops of the German 87th Infantry Division occupied the Hotel de Ville, a gray drizzle of rain broke the long weeks of peerless sunshine. Accompanying the German Army three days later, William Shirer, the CBS correspondent in Berlin, felt an ache in the pit of his stomach at the sight of his beloved Paris: "I wished I had not come. My German companions were in high spirits." At the Place de l'Opéra, he noted, "for the first time in my life, no traffic tie-up here, no French cops, shouting meaninglessly at cars hopelessly blocked . . . . The Café de la Paix seemed to be just reopening. A lone *garçon* was bringing out some tables and chairs. German soldiers stood on the terrace grabbing them."

On June 22, in a somber ceremony in a clearing in the Forest of Compiègne, in the very same sleeping car where the French had accepted the German surrender in 1918, France capitulated. But it was not to be the end of the story. Four days earlier, a lanky 50-year-old brigadier general named Charles de Gaulle had raised the flag of the Free French in London. Two years to the day after the surrender at Compiègne, Hitler—his psyche inflated to bursting point by the triumph in France—made the fateful error of hurling himself at the Soviet Union. Paris would live again. ■

PICTORIAL PARADE

***De Gaulle: Raising the flag in London.***

JUNE AND JULY

# 1950

## 40 YEARS AGO

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### MORE WAR

**June 25** An estimated 75,000 North Korean troops invade South Korea before dawn, rolling across the 38th parallel, which marks the border between the two countries. Within hours, North Koreans force South Korean border guards to retreat across a broad front and push their way toward Seoul, South Korea's capital.

GLOBE PHOTOS

**Update** Two days later, President Truman ordered U.S. air and naval forces, under the command of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, to Korea. At the urging of the U.S. and despite a Soviet boycott, the U.N. Security Council invoked military sanctions against North Korea and asked all U.N. members to help South Korea fight the invaders. United Nations security forces, including Australian and French troops, fought North Korean, Soviet and Chinese forces in small, brutal skirmishes. The war caused more than two million casualties and ruined the North and South Korean economies. U.S. losses totaled 54,246 dead. The war, never officially declared, ended July 27, 1953, with an armistice agreement among the U.S., North Korea and China. The South has yet to sign the agreement.

### ATOM SPIES

**July 17** F.B.I. agents arrest 32-year-old Julius Rosenberg and accuse him of passing atom bomb secrets to the Russians. Rosenberg was implicated by his wife's brother, David Greenglass, who had been arrested in June. Greenglass, who worked at Los Alamos during the building of the A-bomb, told the F.B.I. that his brother-in-law and sister Ethel were part of a ring of Soviet spies that included Klaus Fuchs.

**Update** Rosenberg never tried to hide his leftist sympathies, but he denied that he was a spy for the Soviet Union. Ethel Rosenberg, 35, was arrested Aug. 11 on similar charges. In April 1951, the couple were found guilty of spying and sentenced to death. Despite an international appeal to spare their lives, the Rosenbergs were electrocuted on June 19, 1953, maintaining their innocence to the end.

### BAD BOY

**July 21** Marlon Brando makes his screen debut in *The Men*, a film about wounded World War II veterans. The 26-year-old's controversial "method" acting is effective. His brooding performance as a maladjusted parapalegic impresses many, including a *New York Times* reviewer who says Brando "is so vividly real, dynamic and sensitive that the illusion is complete." Already the talk of Hollywood, Brando is reported to be rude and sloppy as well as prodigiously talented.

**Update** Brando, now 66, recently returned to films after an eight-year hiatus. He publicly criticized what he saw as the softening of the anti-apartheid message of his 1989 film, *A Dry White Season*. Following an injury received on the set of *The Freshman* (set for late-spring release), a disgusted Brando said he was out of the business for good. But recently he has been courted by director David Lean and has been offered the role of the villainous Montero in an upcoming film version of Joseph Conrad's *Nostromo*.

COURTESY OF JEAN VIDNUM

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

### See You in Court

**June 5** The separation of blacks and whites in railroad dining cars and at two colleges is ruled illegal by Supreme Court . . . **June 16** After perjury conviction, Australian-born labor leader Harry Bridges loses U.S. citizenship . . . **July 13** Ute Indians of Colorado and Utah win $31.7 million (about $10,000 each) for land taken between 1891 and 1935 . . . **July 26** Erskine Caldwell's 1933 novel, *God's Little Acre*, is banned as "obscene" by Massachusetts Supreme Court . . . **July 30** Lawyers for Charlie Chaplin stop benefit screening—for Communist newspaper—of his silent film *The Circus*.

### International Front

**June 13** South Africa's government passes bill to segregate and confine non-whites to "prevent the bastardization of the white race" . . . **June 27** President Truman announces military assistance to France in its war against North Vietnam . . . **July 19** Ho Chi Minh, leader of North Vietnamese, vows to crush "all American interventionists."

### Believe It?

**June 2** Ancestor of modern frog thought to be extinct is found alive and well in New Zealand . . . **June 25** Flying saucers are reported sighted in five U.S. cities.

### The Screen

**June 8** *The Asphalt Jungle*, directed by John Huston, stars Sterling Hayden . . . **June 14** Britisher Alec Guinness plays all eight murder victims in satirical *Kind Hearts and Coronets* . . . **July 1** Haunting theme of *The Third Man*, played on a zither, is second on *Billboard* charts.

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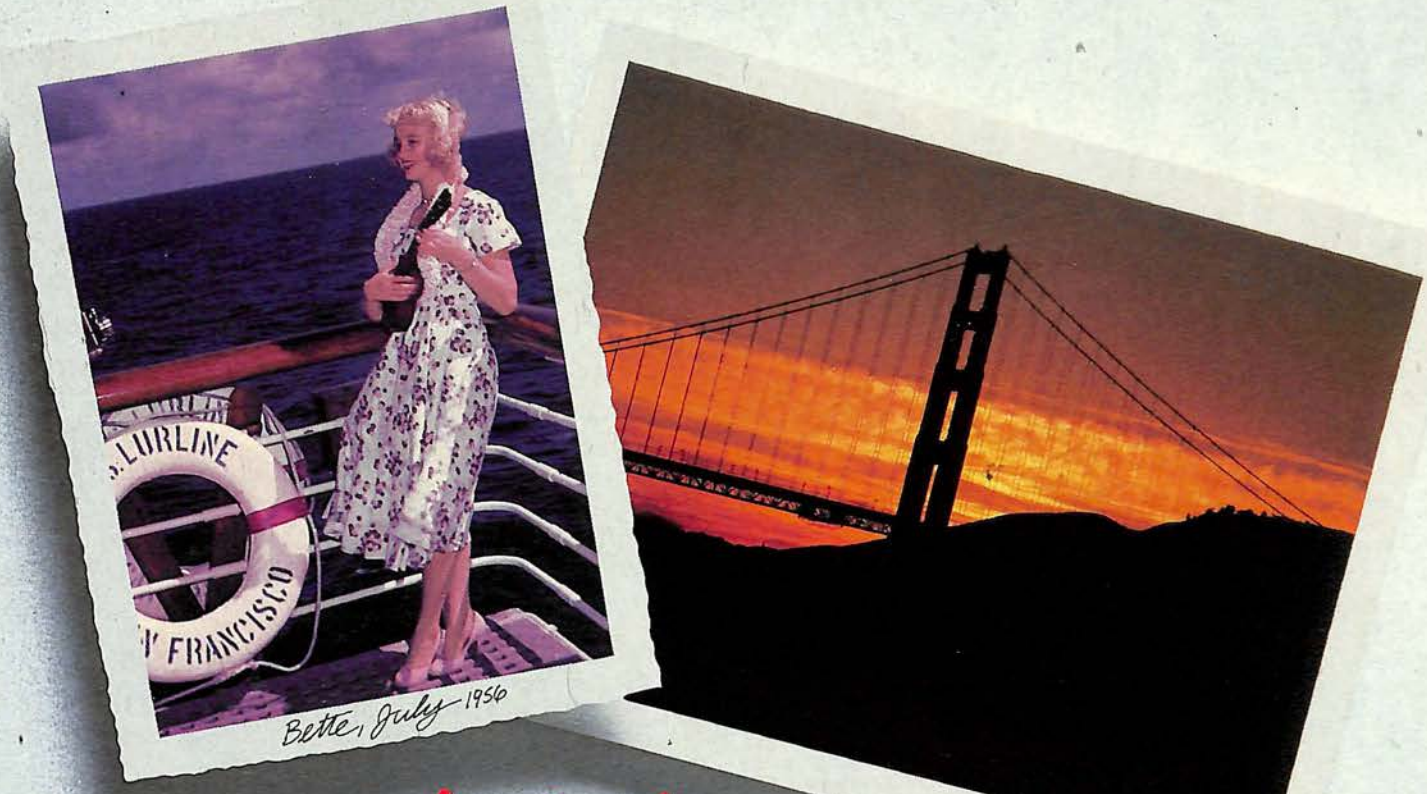


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**2.** Enclosed with the entry must be a completed entry form or include a 3x5 piece of paper with the information required on the entry blank. You may enter the contest only once. No purchase is necessary.

**3.** Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1990 and received by June 22, 1990. Entries must be sent to: Nikon Photo Contest, MEMORIES, Floor 41, 1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

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**6.** Only one trip will be awarded. This trip must be taken by August 20, 1990.

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**8.** The winner will be notified by June 29, 1990. Before final judging, the potential winner will be asked to sign an affidavit of compliance, grant of rights and release. To qualify, the winner must sign and return the affidavit within 21 days.

**9.** No substitution or transfer of trip will be allowed. Any prize or notification of award returned as undelivered will be awarded to an alternate winner. The trip will be awarded in the name of the entrant.

**10.** Liability for federal, state or other taxes is the sole responsibility of winner. Contest is void where prohibited by law.

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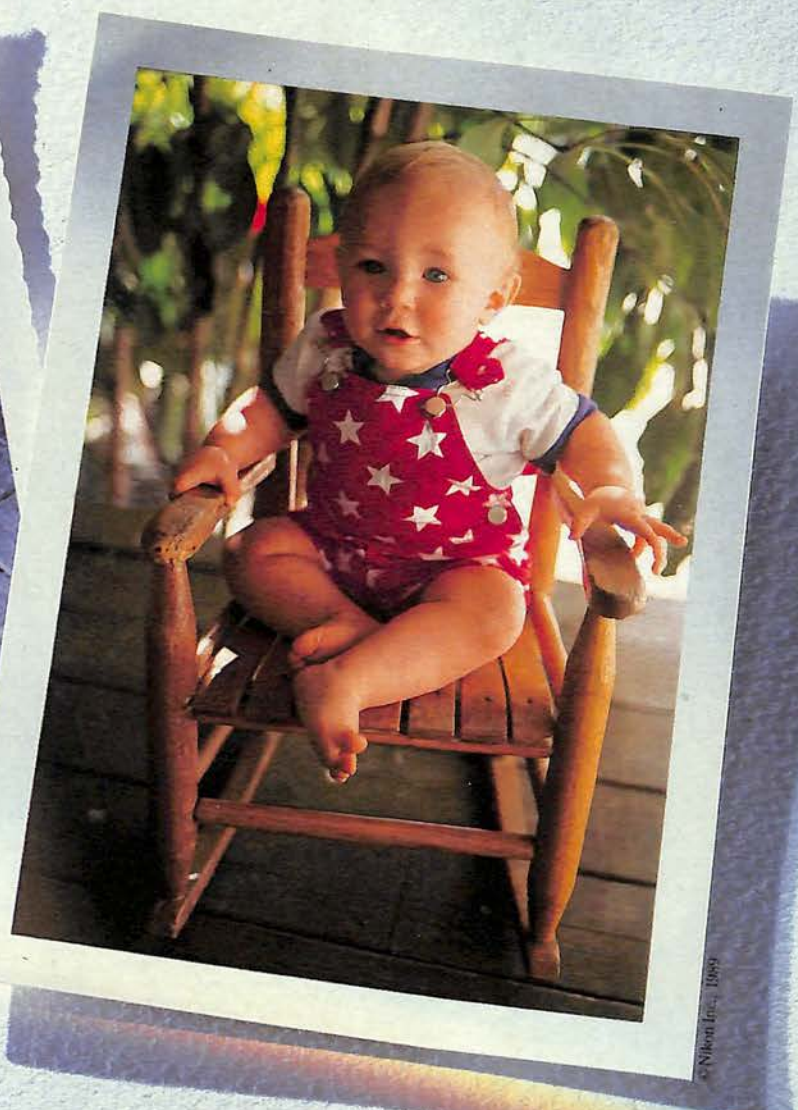

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*Hogan's strong showing in the Los Angeles Open—he finished second—presaged the victory to come.*

## 40 YEARS AGO: BEN HOGAN WINS U.S. OPEN

*Doctors said he'd be lucky to walk again. But at the Merion Golf Club he let it be known: The Age of Hogan had resumed.*

# HOGAN'S HEROICS

**By Denis Harrington**

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A white cap, a steely gaze and a machinelike swing all served to mark one of the most poignant and triumphant chapters in the history of sports. The occasion was the 1950 U.S. Open golf championship played in June that year at suburban Philadelphia's Merion Golf Club. There Ben Hogan, despite crippling injuries suffered in a near-fatal car crash the previous year, took on the elements, the pressure and a grueling course to challenge the odds, his doctors, the sagacity of sportswriters and conventional wisdom.

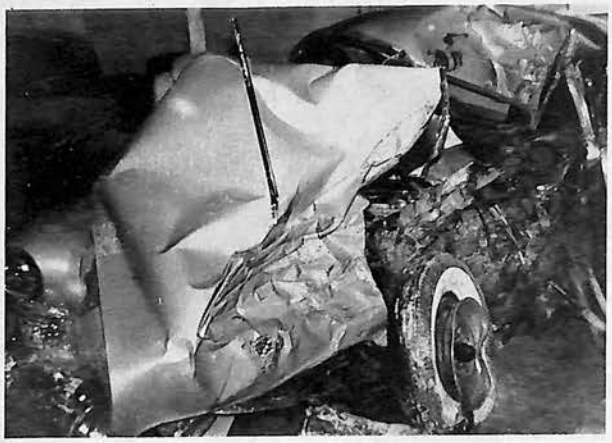
Sixteen months before, Hogan, then 36, and his wife, Valerie, had been driving a fog-shrouded stretch of West Texas highway when a bus came swerving out of the gloom straight at their new Cadillac. Just prior to the collision, Hogan threw himself between his wife and the dashboard, protecting her from serious injury. But his act of heroism cost him dearly.

When rescue workers finally extracted him from the wreckage he was rushed to an El Paso hospital, where doctors labored to control massive internal hemorrhaging. X-rays revealed that he had sustained fractures of the pelvis, left ankle and collarbone, not to mention a variety of lacerations and abrasions. A blood clot was removed from his leg to prevent blockage of a primary artery. Because of this threat and of badly impaired venous flow of the lower extremities, it became necessary to monitor his condition on a 24-hour basis.

It was several weeks before Hogan could be moved by train to a Fort Worth hospital, strapped to a stretcher to minimize stress on mending bones; he then weighed less than 100 pounds. Reporters and photographers on hand for his arrival were shocked at his emaciated appearance. The next day, sports pages all across the country carried wire service pictures of a wan and wasted Hogan.

For nearly two months he was confined to his bed, as doctors told him he would be lucky to walk, never mind play tournament golf. In the spring of 1949 he began taking a few steps

DENIS HARRINGTON *is a Virginia-based writer who frequently covers sports.*



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

*After the crash: Multiple fractures plus serious damage to veins and arteries kept Hogan in bed for two months.*

around his hospital room. Before long he was venturing down corridors. When he was at last allowed to go home, he began to practice putting on his living room rug.

Soon he was hobbling the fairways of a local course, pausing every so often to hit imaginary pitch shots with a short iron. These sessions intensified until he managed actually to play six holes, then nine, and finally 18. By December his weekly regimen consisted of three 18-hole rounds and several lengthy practice stints.

A month later Ben Hogan did the unthinkable: He entered the 1950 Los Angeles Open. In the tournament, though it was obvious to public and press alike that Hogan was in pain, it was even more obvious that he had lost none of his determination. "Ben is swinging a bit differently than in years past," noted Cary Middlecoff, the reigning U.S. Open champion, "but I also notice that he's hitting the ball right where it's supposed to go."

Incredibly, Hogan finished the 72-hole event tied for first with old foe Sam Snead. Never mind that Snead won the playoff; nothing less than a miracle had been wrought by the doughty little Texan. Less than a year after his near-fatal accident, he had made it back to the front of the pack.

Today, Snead says he expected nothing less. "As I said back then, I was only afraid of three things—lightning, downhill putts and Ben Hogan, not necessarily in that order. I wasn't surprised at what he did," Snead continues. "If anybody could have come back from that accident, Benny was the man. He always had that kind of determination."

Next Hogan focused on the U.S. Open, the country's toughest and most prestigious tournament. He arrived in Ardmore, Pa., just outside Philadelphia, on June 2, a full week before the championship was to begin, to start familiarizing himself with the Merion course. Though it measured a mere 6,604 yards, it featured long and narrow "gun barrel" fairways and cavernous bunkers of sand and grass en route to small, sharply terraced greens. Because the course was hilly and *two* rounds—36 holes—were to be played on the third and last day of competition, few sportswriters gave Hogan more than a prayer of going the distance, let alone challenging for the title.

*New York Times* columnist Arthur Daley summed up the situation: "A series of delicate operations has left Hogan with the small blood vessels in his legs being required to do the work of major arteries. The result is he tires easily and will very likely find Saturday's 36-hole chore slightly on the brutal side."

Gene Sarazen, a two-time Open winner and a venerated elder pro, shared the prevailing view. "I'd pick Ben to win here if they were going to play without walking," said Sarazen. "But 36 holes in one day will kill him."

Hogan, however, brushed the naysayers off. "My legs are fine," he said over and over, occasionally with obvious irritation. "I don't expect to have any difficulty playing 36 holes in one day. Quite frankly, I think people are pretty tired of hearing about my legs. So let's just talk golf."

To no one's surprise, Hogan struggled through the opening round on the par 70 course, managing only a disappointing three over par for the first nine holes. But he fought back grimly through the back nine to post a respectable 72. At the 18th green the gallery gave him a heartening ovation. Still, he lagged eight strokes off the blazing 64 shot by Lee Mackey, an unemployed driving-range pro.

On the way back to his hotel, an exhausted Hogan had to ask his driver to pull off the road while he sat slumped in the back seat for several minutes, his face devoid of color, fighting acute nausea. At length the nausea subsided and his strength returned. That night he soaked his legs in a tub of hot water for several hours, trying to relax his aching muscles and reduce the swelling.

On the second day of play, Hogan got off to a blazing start with three birdies (a birdie is one shot under par) and made the ninth-hole turn at 34, two under par. After another birdie at the 10th hole, he faltered with a pair of bogeys (one shot over par) but still finished with a fine 69. His two-round aggregate score of 141 left him only two shots behind the new leader, E.J. (Dutch) Harrison.

On Saturday, with his legs heavily wrapped for support, Hogan played steadily, if unspectacularly, during the morning round, posting three birdies against five bogeys for another 72. His 54-hole total of 213 tied him for third place, two strokes behind Lloyd Mangrum.

To conserve his strength in the afternoon round, Hogan had his caddie retrieve the ball from the cup at each green. Despite a one-over-par 37 on the first nine, he found himself heading the field at the halfway point, the other contenders having faltered badly. Then, on the 12th tee, he was seized by painful leg cramps. He had to reach for the arm of Harry Radix, a Chicago golf promoter standing nearby.

"Let me hang on you awhile, Harry," he whispered. "I can't move my legs. I don't think I can go on."

Given a few moments' rest, he did go on. But, shaken by the ordeal, he proceeded to drop three strokes over the next six holes. On the 18th and final hole, he needed a par 4 to force a three-way playoff with Mangrum and George Fazio. His final putt, a carelessly hit four-footer, slipped into the cup to keep his dream alive. He closed with a 74 for a total score of 287.

Angered by his bogey-blotched finish, Hogan later told friends, "I couldn't have cared less if I made that putt. If you can't hold a three-shot lead through six holes,

# IN LOVE WITH THE GAME

**Born in 1912 in Dublin, Tex., about 100 miles west of Fort Worth, the young Ben Hogan sold newspapers to help with the family upkeep. At 12 he began caddying—for 65 cents a round—and fell in love with the game of golf. He turned pro in 1931, at age 19, and twice set out to seek his fortune on the Professional Golfers Association (P.G.A.) tour. Each time a lack of funds forced him home within a few months. Undaunted, he continued practicing and saving up for another try. In 1937, having accumulated $1,400, he tried once again, but by the time he reached the Oakland (Calif.) Open of 1938, he was down to his last $85.**

**"I couldn't sleep the night before the tournament began," he later recalled. "I knew if I didn't win something I would have to sell the car and go back to Fort Worth for good."**

**Instead, he shot an opening round of 66 to lead the field. He finished in third place and earned $385.**

**"That check enabled me to stay on the tour," he said. "No other sum of money ever meant so much to me."**

**His first tournament victory came in the 1940 North & South Open. He won three more events that year and ended up topping the tour in earnings, with $10,655. Though he had yet to win a major tournament, in 1941 and 1942 he maintained his top-money status with totals of $18,358 and $13,143. Following Pearl Harbor, he entered the Air Force and served in a ground-support capacity, which left him time to play an occasional round of golf.**

**After his discharge as a first lieutenant in 1945, he quickly regained his place of prominence on the tour and, in 1946, won the P.G.A. Championship, his first major victory. Again he reigned as the leading money winner, with $42,556. He headed the cash standings for a fifth time in 1948, earning $32,112. That same year, he won the U.S. Open with a record-setting score of 276.**

**But dissatisfied with his game, he decided to take a brief respite from the tour to work on his swing. It was during that respite that he suffered the automobile crash that almost took his life but could not take his spirit. —D.H.**

PETER READ MILLER

*Hogan today: A perfectionist, even now.*

you ought to be elsewhere."

From the outset of Sunday's playoff round, Hogan and Mangrum battled on even terms, with both men shooting a par 36 for the first nine. Fazio shot 37. At the end of 15 holes Hogan enjoyed a one-stroke advantage. Then, on the 16th green, Mangrum blew an insect off his ball—a rules infraction, in those days—and incurred a two-shot penalty. ("I wonder what I would have done if it had been a snake on my ball instead of an insect," Mangrum later mused.) Hogan birdied the 17th hole and won going away with a 69. Mangrum posted a 73; Fazio was two shots behind with a 75.

When Hogan holed out on 18 he was nearly trampled underfoot by well-wishers. It took a detachment of police to insure his safe passage to the clubhouse.

"This is a sports story without parallel," Daley wrote in the *Times*. "All hail Ben Hogan. A champion among champions." *Times* golf correspondent Lincoln A. Werden called Hogan's victory "one of the most outstanding feats in the annals of sports," adding, "the Texas Hawk never flew higher than he did today." A gracious Mangrum said, "Ben did what he had to do, and I congratulate him."

On accepting his trophy, Hogan told the crowd, "I'm very thankful for having won today. I came here believing I could win. And I want to especially thank all of those people who have wished me well and offered me encouragement." In addition to the trophy, Hogan took home $4,000.

So resumed the Age of Hogan, a period of remarkable dominance for the Texas golfer. From 1946 to 1953 he won nine major championships, including a record-equaling four U.S. Open titles, plus two P.G.A. Championships and two Masters Tournaments. Over his career, he would rack up a total of 62 tour victories.

He retired from regular competition following a bitterly disappointing playoff loss in the 1955 U.S. Open in San Francisco. "I'm through with competition," Hogan said. "I came here with the idea of winning. I worked harder than I ever worked in my life. But some of the shots I hit wouldn't make you think so." Still, he continued to make his presence felt on the pro tour, placing second in the U.S. Open in 1956 and ninth in 1960. His last competitive appearance was in the 1971 Houston/Champions International.

Hogan was inducted into the P.G.A. Hall of Fame in 1953 and the World Golf Hall of Fame in 1974. Today he heads the Ben Hogan Co., a manufacturer of golf equipment based in Fort Worth, where Hogan lives and assiduously avoids the press. He has also avoided the P.G.A. Seniors Tour. "He is a perfectionist, even now," explains pro John Mahaffey, a 1978 P.G.A. champion whom Hogan helped early in his career. "He would never play on the Seniors Tour because he wouldn't be able to play his best, and he would never want people to see him if he wasn't at his best."

Says Cary Middlecoff, the 1949 U.S. Open champ whom Hogan dethroned in 1950, "Ben's influence on modern golf technique remains strong. I think it fair to say that every playing pro who was a contemporary with Hogan for any length of time studied him in action and learned something from him. People saw in Hogan a reason to keep trying and hoping."

"I'm glad that if I had to have a rival, it was him," says Sam Snead. "You always want to test yourself against the best, and I was fortunate that I got to go up against Ben when we were in our primes."

Last February Hogan's company began sponsoring a new, 30-tournament developmental tour for young pros—the Ben Hogan Tour. "I have loved every minute that I have spent in golf," Hogan said when the tour was announced. "I couldn't wait for the sun to come up in the morning so that I could get out on the course again. I'd like to be reborn so I could be starting over again, with my career still in front of me. I want to give something back to the game that has given me so much." ■

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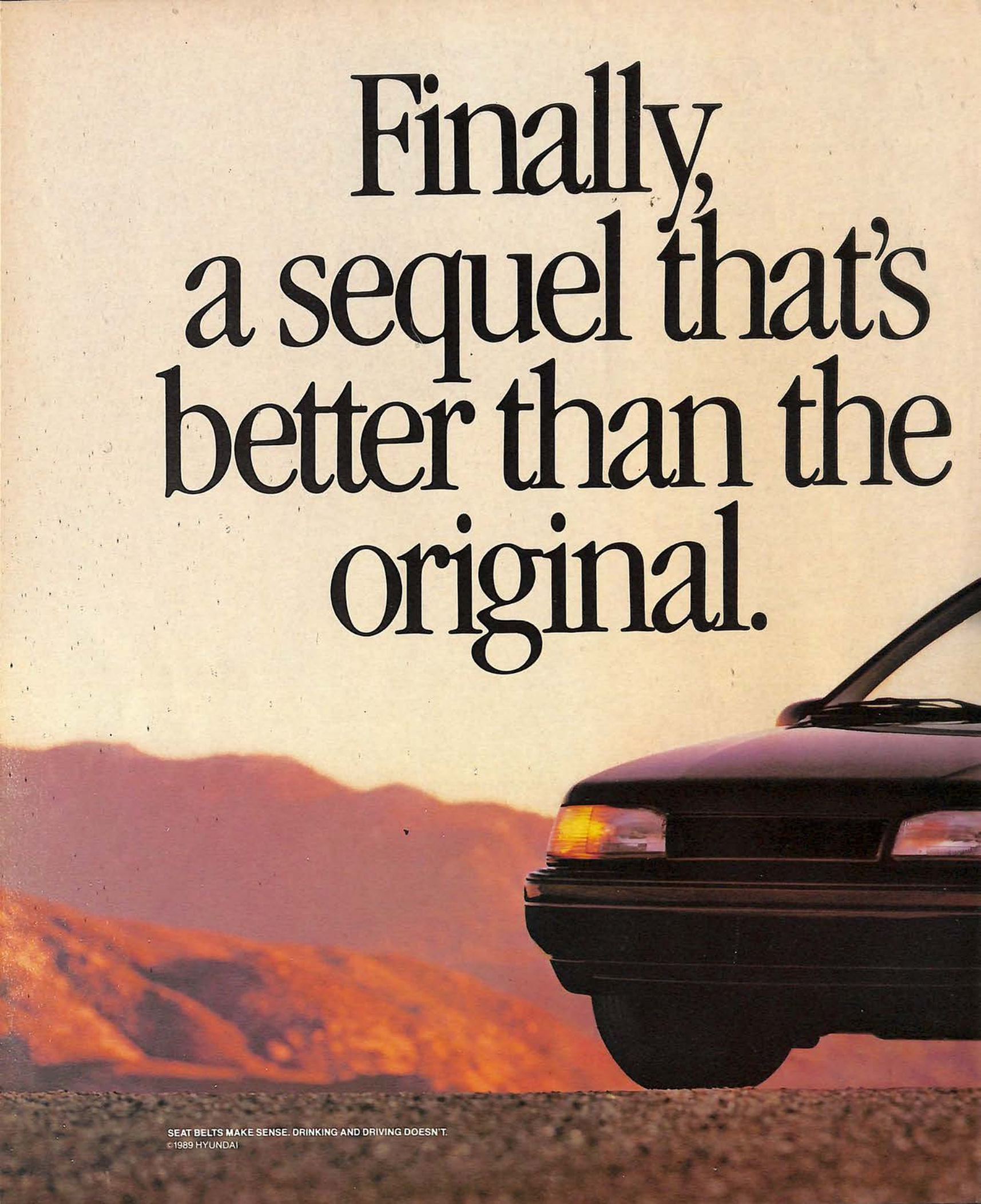

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# 40 YEARS AGO: "MONA LISA" TOPS THE CHARTS

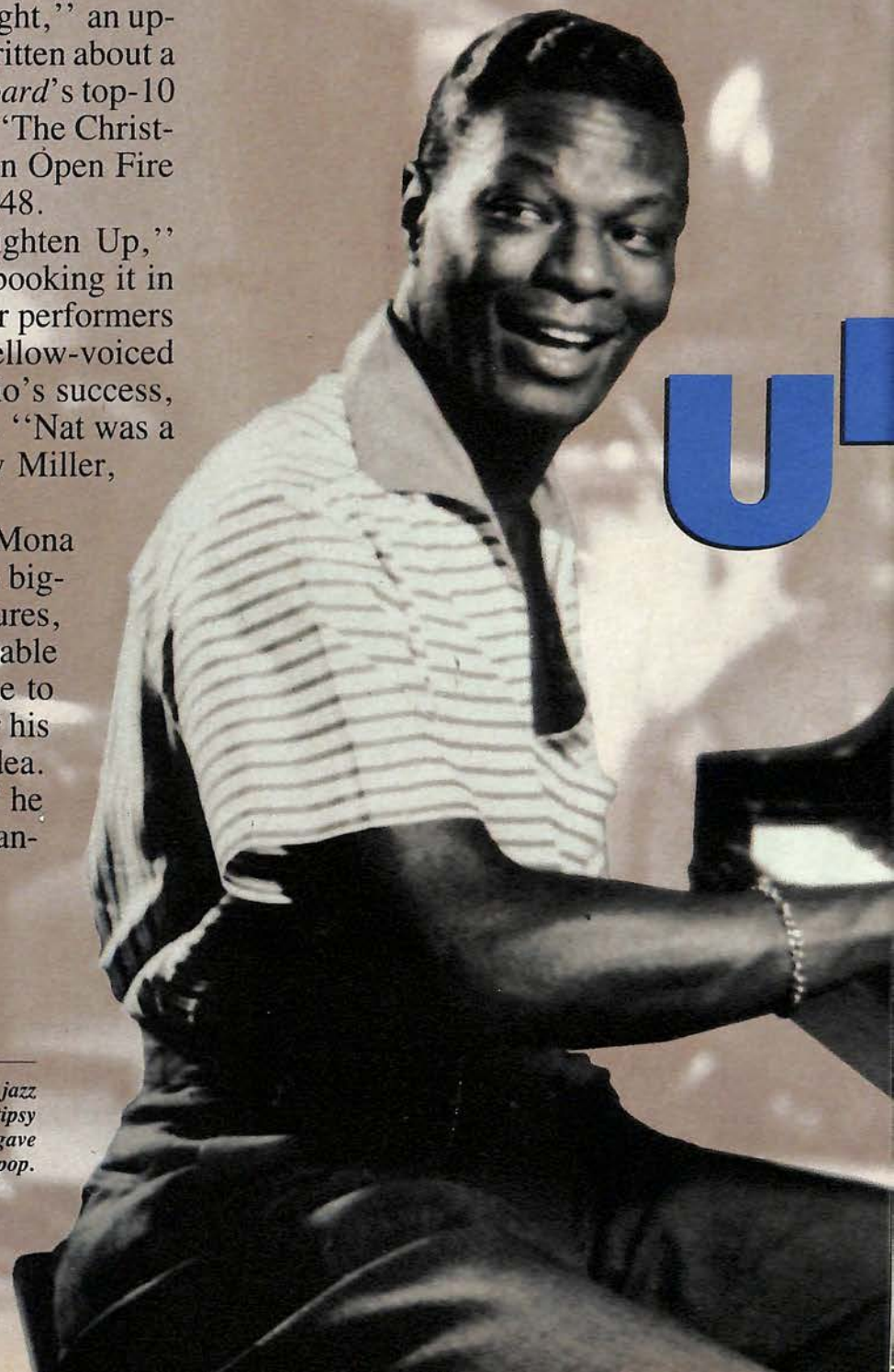
*Smooth-as-silk songster Nat "King" Cole makes a tough act and a hard life look easy.*

**By Leslie Gourse**

By the late 1940's, Nat ''King'' Cole and his bass-and-guitar trio had reached pop music's pantheon. Their first hit, ''Straighten Up and Fly Right,'' an up-tempo novelty Cole had written about a buzzard and a monkey, had made *Billboard*'s top-10 list in 1944. Bigger hits had followed: ''The Christmas Song'' (''Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire . . .'') in 1946 and ''Nature Boy'' in 1948.

For seven long years before ''Straighten Up,'' Cole had tirelessly promoted the trio, booking it in clubs and on tours and backing up other performers on records. Eventually, one of the mellow-voiced singer's greatest contributions to the trio's success, his choice of repertoire, would pay off. ''Nat was a genius at picking songs,'' says Johnny Miller, the trio's bassist in the early days.

But Nat almost missed his cue on ''Mona Lisa,'' which would become one of his biggest sellers. In 1949, Paramount Pictures, eager to publicize an otherwise forgettable film, *Captain Carey U.S.A.*, asked Cole to record one of its songs. Neither Nat nor his wife, Maria, thought much of the idea. ''What kind of title is that for a song?'' he asked. So Paramount pressured his man-



***The story goes that Cole, a gifted jazz pianist, was persuaded to sing by a tipsy customer. Some critics never forgave him for crossing over to pop.***

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

nforgettable

ager, Carlos Gastel, whose savvy had given Cole the final push to stardom, and Cole went along.

By the time Cole became fond of "Mona Lisa"—"When I play it at home," he said, "even the dogs like it"—Capitol Records executives refused to release it; they thought it wasn't commercial. Finally, to accommodate Cole, Capitol put the song on the flip side of "The Greatest Inventor of Them All," a swinging spiritual sure to be a success—or so the record executives predicted. But it was "Mona Lisa" that got the airplay.

On June 10, 1950, it went to number one, and it stayed on the *Billboard* charts well into the following year. "The song told a story," says Jack Costanzo, a bongo player who joined Cole's group in the late 1940's. "And Nat was a storyteller."

Though Cole had less than a two-octave vocal range, fans never seemed to notice. Musicians, too, were seduced by his whispery baritone. "He took a style and made a voice out of it," Billy Eckstine, the great, vibrato-rich baritone, said. Cole effectively owned the songs he sang, and he often sang the best songs.

The singer known for the way he caressed his lyrics grew up a painfully shy child who rarely spoke. He was born Nathaniel Adams Coles on March 17, 1919, to a poor, religious family in Montgomery, Ala. His parents, Baptist minister Edward James Coles Sr. and Perlina Adams Coles, a church singer and organist, took the family north to Chicago when Nat was 2. There Reverend Coles took over as pastor of the True Light Baptist Church. At meals, Nat yielded the floor to his more gregarious older brother, Eddie, but had taught himself to play the piano by the time he was 4. "He doesn't say much," his older sister Evelyn remembers thinking, "but he stays with that piano."

PHOTOFEST

By the time he reached his teens, Eddie, also a budding musician, began sneaking out of the family's South Side flat to play bass and piano in local clubs. When Nat begged to join him, his mother made a deal to placate her disapproving husband: Nat could work in the clubs if he would also play organ for his father in church. Deal or no, Nat couldn't resist the temptation to embellish the church music.

Chicago's South Side was then host to the best jazz groups in the country. Nat's heroes were bandleader and clarinetist Jimmie Noone, whose theme song, "Sweet Lorraine," would become a lifelong Cole favorite, and innovative jazz pianist Earl "Fatha" Hines. "Many nights I sat on the steps of the Grand Terrace Ballroom and learned ideas from Earl Hines," Cole said in later life.

Of the five surviving Coles children (13 had been born), the four boys took up the piano professionally. For a time, after turning professional in his mid-teens (and, like his brothers, dropping the s from his last name), Nat led his own group. Then he joined brother Eddie's band. In 1936, the pair signed on to play in a revival of *Shuffle Along*, a black musical revue written in the 1920's by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake. When the show headed for California, Cole, who had fallen in love with a dancer in the cast who was seven years his senior, decided to go with it. He and Nadine Robinson were married in January 1937 in Ypsilanti, Mich.

After the show closed, Cole worked as a solo pianist for $5 a night. "I played in every beer joint from Fullerton to San Diego," he would recall. A lifelong sports fan, he took a job at the Los Angeles Department of Sports and Recreation. He also wrote band arrangements for $7 each, and, desperate for money, sold—for $50—his copyright to "Straighten Up and Fly Right," the song he had based on one of his father's sermons. It was a move he would live to regret. Nadine found work as a club dancer.

In late 1937, the owner of L.A.'s Sewanee Inn invited Nat to put together a trio to play for $75 a week. One night, a tipsy customer asked Cole to sing. Nat declined. "I don't sound good," he said. The customer persisted; eventually so did the boss. The audience liked his version of "Sweet Lorraine" so much, legend has it, that the club manager put a tinsel crown on Cole's head and said, "I crown you Nat 'King' Cole." After that, Cole and his partners sang together often. But it was the pianist's mesmerizing voice that captivated audiences.

In 1940 the trio backed vibraphonist Lionel Hampton on a recording of "Jivin' With Jarvis," a simple, up-tempo vocal named for Al Jarvis, a local L.A. deejay who, not surprisingly, gave it plenty of airplay. The attention persuaded talent agent Tom Rockwell to send the King Cole Trio, as it was called, to New York. There *Downbeat* magazine critic Sharon Pease caught a set at Kelly's Stables on fabled West 52d Street, also known as "Swing Street." "Nat plays all styles well," Pease wrote. "He does an exceptionally fine job on slow evergreens."

By 1942 Cole's trio was performing—for $225 a week—in West Los Angeles's 331 Club, a popular hangout for show people. Then their new manager, Carlos Gastel, booked them into downtown's Orpheum Theater for $1,000 a week. Though second on the bill, whose main feature was a big band, the trio got most of the applause. "It was Freddie Slack's show when it started," wrote a *Los Angeles Times* critic, "but it was Nat Cole's when it ended."

Gastel next got the group a Capitol Records contract. One of their first recordings, "Straighten Up and Fly Right," sold more than 500,000 copies and went almost to the top of the charts. They appeared in musical vignettes in the films *Calling All Stars* (1943) and *Here Comes Elmer* (1944). Though the trio's scenes were cut from the prints distributed in the South, critics praised the music.

In the fall of 1944, Gastel organized a traveling show of top black talent, including the King Cole Trio. *Metronome* magazine critic Barry Ulanov noted that "women screamed" when Cole sang at Harlem's Apollo Theatre, where the show broke attendance records. The trio earned $13,500 for two days of work in the film *Breakfast in Hollywood* (1945). And by

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LESLIE GOURSE *has written several books on popular music. Her biography of Nat "King" Cole is due out next year.*

1946, they had their own radio program, *The Wildroot Cream Oil Show*, broadcast Saturday afternoons from wherever the group happened to be performing.

But Cole's accelerating career kept him increasingly apart from Nadine, and in 1946, as "The Christmas Song" topped the charts, Nat found himself falling for a stylish young singer, a war widow of genteel upbringing, Maria Ellington. Soon he was telling friends he wanted to marry her. After two years waiting for his divorce from Nadine to become final, Nat and Maria were married at the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. The Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. performed the ceremony, which was followed by an expensive, celebrity-studded reception at a downtown hotel ballroom.

While honeymooning in Acapulco, Cole and his bride learned that "Nature Boy" had become another colossal hit. The couple celebrated by buying an English Tudor house in the exclusive, all-white Hancock Park section of Los Angeles, a neighborhood some Cole friends described as "old money." Today Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley lives there, but 42 years ago the Coles were pioneers in crossing the color line. Someone welcomed them by breaking the front window of their new home; "nigger" was burned into the lawn. "We don't want any undesirables coming into the neighborhood," an attorney representing the neighborhood told the singer. "Neither do I," Cole said. "And if I see any, I'll be sure to complain." The community, which had a covenant requiring property owners to be Caucasian and Christian, took steps to evict the couple, but in the end, the Coles prevailed.

# "Homeward Bound"

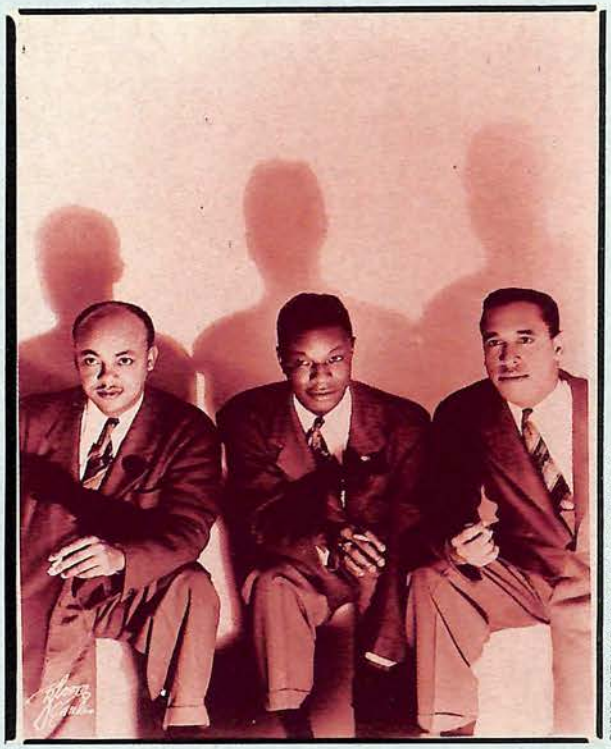
I first saw Nat "King" Cole and his trio perform—for $140 a week—at Kelly's Stable on 52d Street in New York City, in 1941. The show included Art Tatum (an idol of Nat's) on piano, Billie Holiday, Benny Carter's sextet and dancer Bobby Laurence. Nat was not yet a headliner, though he was not unknown to us die-hard jazz fans. We had heard his trio backing Lionel Hampton on a few records, but we knew nothing of Nat's singing.

At Kelly's his vocal on "Sweet Lorraine" made such an impression on me that when my daughter was born, years later, we named her Lorraine—less for the song than for Nat's rendition of it.

Over the next few years, as the trio's popularity soared, I got to know Nat and his second wife, Maria. My wife and I had been invited to their wedding, in 1948, at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, and to the lavish reception that followed at the Belmont Plaza. The guests included Sarah Vaughan, Nellie Lutcher and Hazel Scott (whose husband, Adam Clayton Powell Jr., performed the ceremony). Opinions of Maria were mixed, but when she devoted herself so entirely to Nat, most of his friends came around.

In those days, I was writing a lot of songs. At one point I gave Nat the music for a song called "Homeward Bound." After he died I learned that he had recorded a song by that name in 1946, but since the record was never released, I still don't know if it was my song.

One night in 1951, I dropped in at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles, where Nat was making an uncharacteristically low-key appearance, just leading the trio and playing jazz. I had with me a humorous little song I'd written called "Where Were You?" Nat had always been courteous and friendly to me; he looked at the piece and said, "We'll see what we can do." His recording of it was released in 1955 as part of what Capitol Records called "The Tenth Anniversary Album," though I've yet to figure out just what happened in 1945 to justify that title.



LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

*The original Nat Cole Trio included bass player Wesley Prince (left), Cole and guitarist Oscar Moore. Today, their jazz recordings are highly prized.*

My fondest recollections of Nat are at his home in Hancock Park, Calif., the restricted community that gave him so much grief when he and Maria first moved in. After things settled down, Nat took to throwing a big party there every Fourth of July. Those were fabulous affairs, reflecting Nat's success on both the social and the musical levels. The guest lists included friends both black and white, musicians, businessmen, song pluggers and, of course, Nat's children and other relatives.

Many of us spent those afternoons in Nat's big swimming pool. He was always a gracious host, but time brought subtle changes to his personality. He got preoccupied with money, or so it seemed to me. I suppose it brought security and insulation from all the racism of those days and the vagaries of a musician's life.

A few years ago I assembled, for MCA Records, an album I called *Nat "King" Cole From the Very Beginning*. It included a jam session recorded under his brother Eddie's leadership in 1936, as well as the great early instrumental hits and some of the best vocals, even "Sweet Lorraine." This is the Nat "King" Cole I like to remember, the magnificent instrumentalist, fine vocal artist, and a man who enjoyed the lasting respect of all who knew him. ■

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LEONARD FEATHER, *composer and author of* The Encyclopedia of Jazz, *has been jazz critic at the* Los Angeles Times *since 1965.*

# "For You, My Love"

**By Maria Cole**

When I first met Nat at the Club Zanzibar, I wasn't too impressed; to me he was just another musician. Frankly, I had never heard of the Nat "King" Cole Trio.

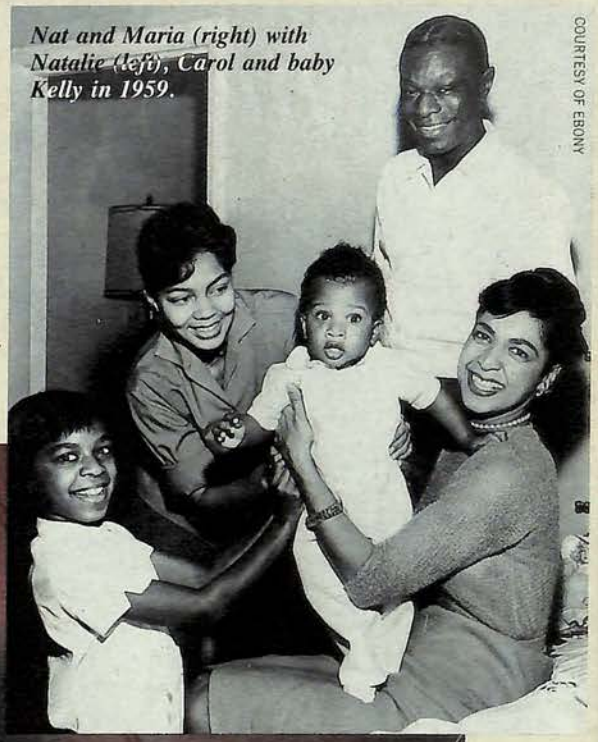
We came from two different backgrounds entirely. I was raised by my aunt, Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, a well-known educator and author. She was very refined, very cultured. I had been sent to finishing school. Nat had not been brought up with the same privileges. You know, I think that's what made us so attractive to each other, the differences. Nat was so sweet, a very gentle man. I don't care what kind of front he put on with the guys, he was really rather shy and very naïve about a lot of things.

Nat's friends were reserved about me at first. I had a good business sense so I started telling Nat what I thought he should do business-wise, and I think they resented that. Early on they probably said, "Oh, Nat's fallen for this pretty face, and he's gone crazy." But we managed to survive.

Nat and I needed each other. We learned from each other. The polish he acquired came from our association. Nat became used to having people waiting on him in his home, he became used to having a doily under his dinner plate. I had been reared this way and this is what I had had in our home. It became very natural for him.

As long as I was with Nat, I was satisfied. I put my husband before everything, even before my children. I traveled with him 90 percent of the time. It was my life. Black artists had to travel a great deal in those days; they made their money on the road. We used to do 30 one-nighters at a time, traveling by Pullman train. If I hadn't stayed with him, I never would have seen him; our marriage probably wouldn't have lasted more than two years.

Of course, I had nothing to do with Nat's music. His talent was his own. Oh, sure, sometimes he'd bring his demo records home and ask me what I thought of a song. I suggested he record "Walking My Baby Back Home," which became one of his big hits. But I didn't like "Mona Lisa." I remember Nat and I were at our home with a close friend, Marvin Fisher, a music publisher. Nat was at the piano,



*Nat and Maria (right) with Natalie (left), Carol and baby Kelly in 1959.*

COURTESY OF EBONY

*Cole's 1948 wedding to the author—the second for both—was a New York social event.*

TONY ESPARZA/CBS

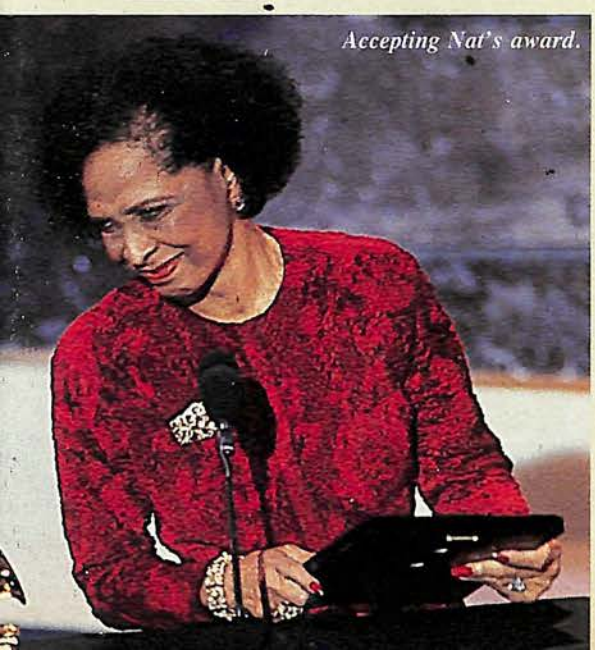
SCHOMBURG CENTER/THE N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

playing. He asked what we thought of the song. Marvin and I looked at each other, and I said, "What do you have to go singing some Italian song for?" I think of that today and I laugh. I should have kept my mouth shut.

In his business, the lines of women throwing themselves at performers formed on the right. It was no different with Nat. It was difficult for me to deal with, there's no question about it. And there was no remedy. You took every situation as it happened and treated it accordingly. Emotionally, a person like me just fights. I had to be strong; I loved my husband and I wanted my marriage. I don't see Nat through rose-colored glasses. I never did.

If Nat were still living and just now receiving the Lifetime Achievement Award [presented at the Grammy Awards last February by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences], he would have been very, very hurt. Because, of course, he should have received it a long time ago. Who else has been gone for 25 years and left such a legend? Who else has left music that is still being played like his is? I don't think there's another like him, except—maybe—Frank Sinatra.

Nat's kind of talent is so rare, so special, it can't be explained. If you look at a fine piece of silver, you may not understand exactly why it's so beautiful, but you know someone has put a great deal of time into it. Nat put a lot of time into his talent; he was very dedicated. His work always came first. And he loved every minute of it. ■



*Accepting Nat's award.*

No sooner had the dust settled on the housing battle than the Internal Revenue Service descended, possessing the house and the Cole cars. The I.R.S. charged that Cole was in tax arrears for $146,000. Cole admitted he owed the money but blamed inept managers for the debt. Eventually, manager Gastel arranged for an advance from Capitol against Cole's future earnings. During the several years it took to pay the debt, a family friend recalls that Maria helped Cole control even his smallest expenditures by allowing him $200 each week for spending money.

Maria also helped polish Cole's act to a high luster. She persuaded him to abandon his piano stool and to sing standing up. She helped minimize his drawl and advised him on an elegant new wardrobe. Soon fashion photographers were asking to shoot him. And by 1952 he was rubbing shoulders with royalty, appearing in a command performance for the King and Queen of England.

"Nat and I were good for each other," Maria said in a recent interview. "He was a very patient man, a very tolerant man, while I was very assertive. I was very much in love and I saw what he had and felt I could help him channel it better."

Cole, in turn, doted on his growing family—Carol (nicknamed "Cookie"), Maria's orphaned niece whom they adopted, and Natalie, whom Nat called "Sweetie," born in 1950. At an early age, it was clear that "Sweetie" had inherited the Cole vocal cords. Eventually Cole's family would include a son, Kelly, and twin girls, Timolin and Casey.

Despite his happy home life, and perhaps related to stress from his legal battles, Nat's health turned sour. On Easter Sunday in 1953, Cole apologized to a Carnegie Hall audience for being too ill to perform. Doctors diagnosed an ulcer, and Cole, worried that he might be denied medical attention during an impending tour of the South, flew home to California for surgery. During his convalescence, *Look* magazine visited him and reported that he was morose. The magazine dubbed him "the melancholy monarch."

Soon the monarch was back on his throne. He has been recording during his convalescence, and in 1954 he signed a two-year exclusive contract with Las Vegas's Sands Hotel. More notable than the munificent salary was the proviso that Cole would have access to all the hotel's facilities, the first black performer to cross Las Vegas's color barrier.

In November 1956, he became the first major black performer to head his own variety TV series, *The Nat "King" Cole Show* on NBC. In an effort to boost its low ratings, top entertainers like Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Martin appeared for union scale, but sponsors, afraid of offending Southern audiences by advertising on a black-hosted program, failed to support it. NBC stuck by the money-losing program for another season before canceling it in December 1957. "Madison Avenue," Cole said at the time, "is afraid of the dark."

Nightclubs were not. "His opening nights were events," recalls Joe Sherman, a composer who, with his brother Noel, wrote many of Nat's hits. "There was something about those dulcet tones," says Marvin Cane, a family friend. "Women would ask the maître d' at the Copacabana to slip Nat notes." Cane remembers watching Cole disappear up the Copa steps to his dressing room, eluding the smitten women.

Cole also continued to tour. When he performed before a whites-only audience with the British bandleader Ted Heath in Birmingham, Ala., in 1956, a group of whites from a nearby town jumped onstage and knocked Cole to the floor, injuring him slightly and frightening him badly. Cole hobbled offstage while the police restored order, then returned to do a second show—for blacks—before flying to Chicago to visit his father. As he left, he told a reporter, "I love show business, but I don't want to die for it." It turned out the attackers—segregationists violently opposed to "Negro music"—had planned to kidnap Cole from the stage and kill him.

Black leaders criticized Cole for performing before segregated audiences; he was particularly stung when Thurgood Marshall, then a crusading civil rights lawyer, took him to task. Though some Harlem jukebox owners removed his records in protest, Cole rejoined the tour. "I have fought," he said in *Downbeat* magazine, "against the evil of race bigotry through the years . . . through the medium of my music . . . and changed many opinions regarding racial equality." Indeed, Milton Karle, who promoted Cole records, once saw the singer stage a one-man sit-in in a New York hotel lobby until the management relented and assigned him a room. And in Pittsburgh, when another hotel refused to rent him a room, he took the case to court. And won.

Relaxed and warm onstage, Cole could be contentious and determined behind the scenes. He even tangled with Ed Sullivan,

the influential but prickly TV host and impresario, over a song Cole wanted to sing on Sullivan's Sunday night program. Sullivan insisted Cole sing a standard and claimed the singer was trying to promote his new record, "Illusion." Cole refused to appear at all, saying that songs could only become standards when singers such as he sang them.

Friends sensed an unhappy undercurrent in Cole's life and career; some traced it to the critics who never stopped accusing him of forsaking the jazz piano and selling out to pop stardom. In response, Cole called the piano "a millstone around my neck." In fact he never stopped playing it, recording with old friends in the jazz world and jamming after hours with the likes of Lionel Hampton.

A musical called *I'm With You*, which he backed and starred in with Barbara McNair, seemed to offer Cole a new opportunity in 1960, until critics panned it and it closed before reaching New York. He followed that failure with a successful tour in *Sights and Sounds*, a musical revue. And in 1962, his recording of "Ramblin' Rose," a country-western sing-along, sold millions of copies, rivaling even "Mona Lisa." The next year, the jubilant "Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer" made the pop charts.

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

***Cole's health was failing when he made* Cat Ballou *in 1964 with Stubby Kaye.***

Performing at the Copacabana in the fall of 1964, Cole complained of back pains. He began losing weight. Finally, after collapsing in San Francisco, he was diagnosed as having lung cancer. Despite surgery and several months of treatment, Cole died on Feb. 15, 1965. Crowds of friends, many of them celebrities, jammed simultaneous funeral services for him in Los Angeles and New York.

In his eulogy, comedian Jack Benny called the 48-year-old Cole "a great professional who gave so much and had so much left to give," adding, "Time as always will work its healing ways, and I know that someday the dewdrops will glisten on the 'Ramblin' Rose,' 'The Ballerina' will dance again and 'Mona Lisa' will smile."

In all, Cole recorded 750 songs and sold more than 50 million records. Twenty-five years after his death, his unique, conversational way with a song is still recognized. Capitol Records recently released a compact disk collection of Cole recordings, some of them never released before. And at this year's Grammy Awards in February, Maria Cole accepted a Lifetime Achievement Award for her late husband from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. "He was really a friend of the world," she said at the time. ■

# "Million Dollar Baby"

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

***"Sweetie" and Dad in 1956.***

WHEN NATALIE COLE arrived at a Greenfield, Mass., theater in 1976 expecting to find her name in lights, what she found instead was "Nat 'King' Cole's Daughter."

Establishing her own identity in those early days was an uphill battle for the second of Nat and Maria Cole's five children. "Even before my first album," she says, "I got criticized for not performing my father's music. I had a little fighting to do."

Natalie was 12 when she first performed with her father. "He never really encouraged me," she said recently. "He just let me do my thing." It wasn't until she finished college that Natalie decided to pursue a professional singing career. She is the only one of the Cole children who was musically inclined, although a cousin is her musical director and an uncle plays jazz piano.

Early in her career, Natalie tried to hide from promoters the fact that she was Nat's daughter, but as her own style emerged—a rock-and-roller in college, she later turned to gospel-influenced pop—her father's fame became less intimidating.

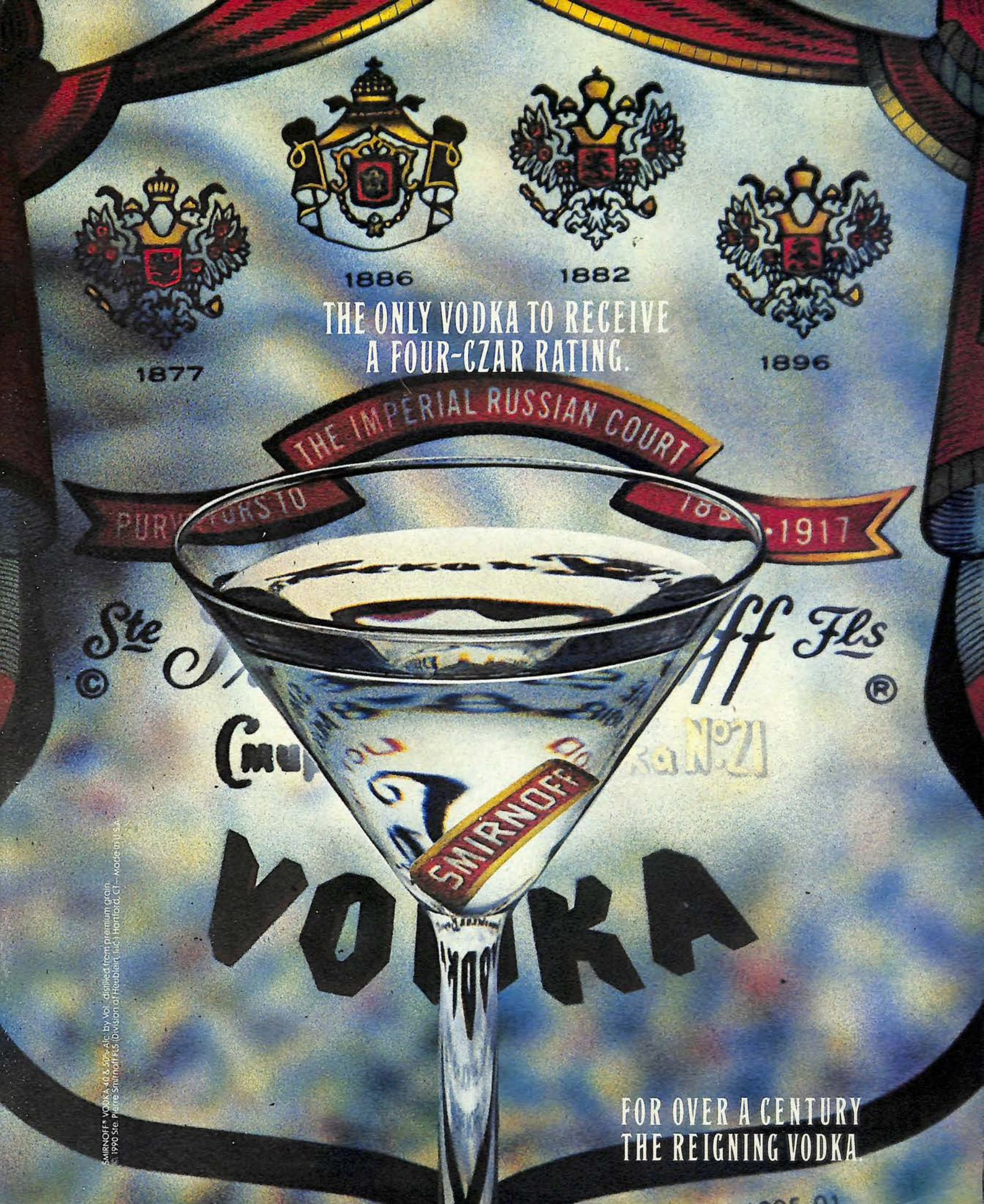
On the strength of *Inseparable*, her first album, Natalie won 1976 Grammy Awards as best new artist and best female rhythm-and-blues vocalist. The following year she won a best-vocalist Grammy for *Sophisticated Lady*. But by the early 1980's Natalie, then a divorced mother of a young son, was in trouble. Two failed albums helped turn the one-time star into a record industry pariah. No label wanted her and her personal life was in shambles; years of addiction to drugs and alcohol had taken a toll. "I was," she said later, "a human garbage dump."

MATTHEW ROLSTON

***Natalie: Fighting to do.***

Finally, in November 1983, the singer signed her business affairs over to her mother and checked herself into the Hazelden Foundation, a clinic in Minnesota, for a six-month stay. The trip back to sobriety and success was a struggle, but in 1987 Natalie marked her return with *Everlasting*, an album that spawned the best-selling singles "Jumpstart," "I Live for Your Love," "Pink Cadillac" and one of her father's best-loved titles, "When I Fall in Love." Her latest album, *Good to Be Back*, was released last year to mostly glowing reviews. She recently began work on an album scheduled for release later this year.

Natalie, who married record producer André Fisher in September 1989, says she is comfortable, at last, dealing with her father's memory. These days she delights audiences by performing duets with tapes of Nat's songs. She is even considering doing an album of his songs. "Once," she says, "my whole theme was, 'I'll never be as good as my father.' Now, I have confidence in my own talent." ■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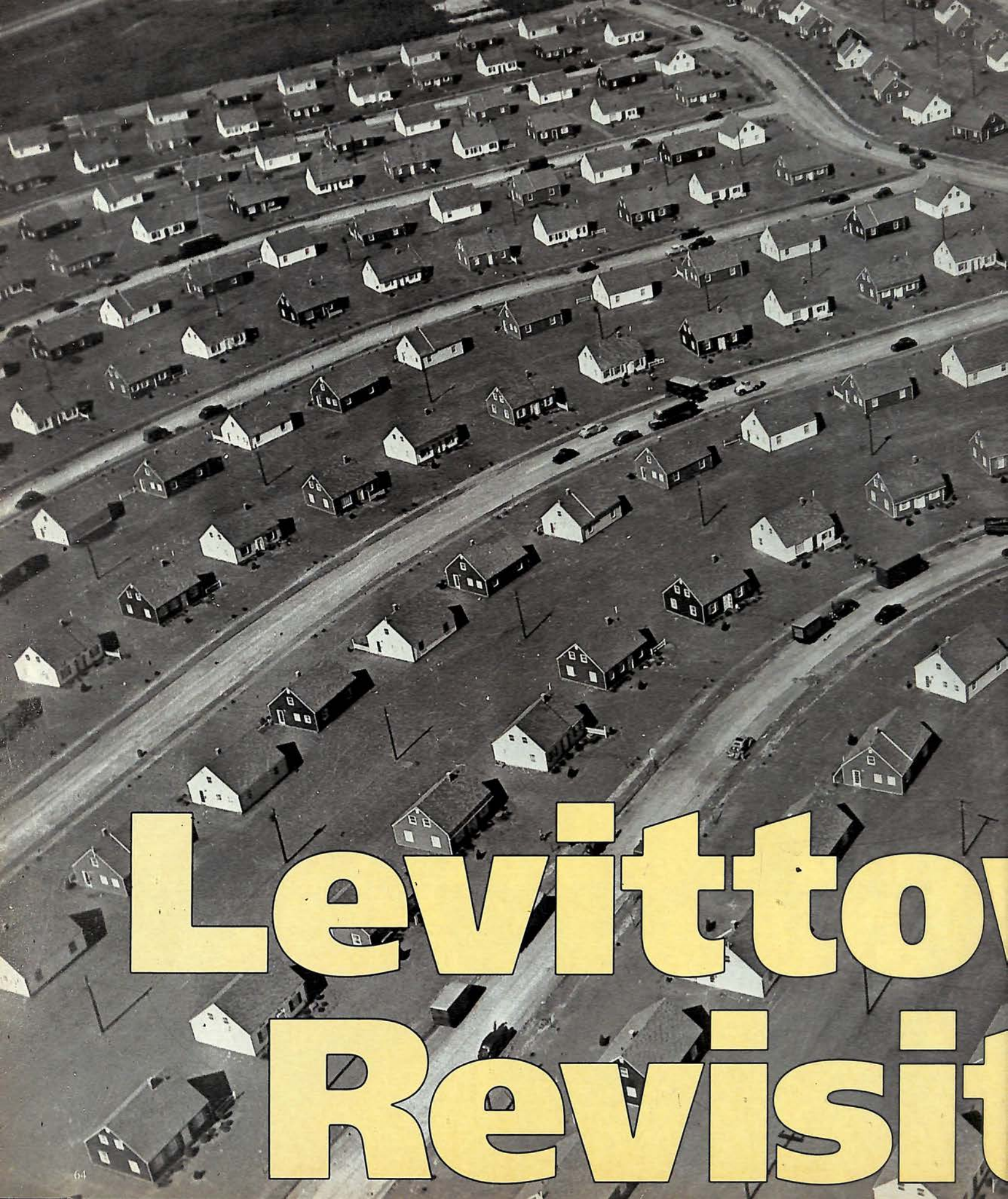

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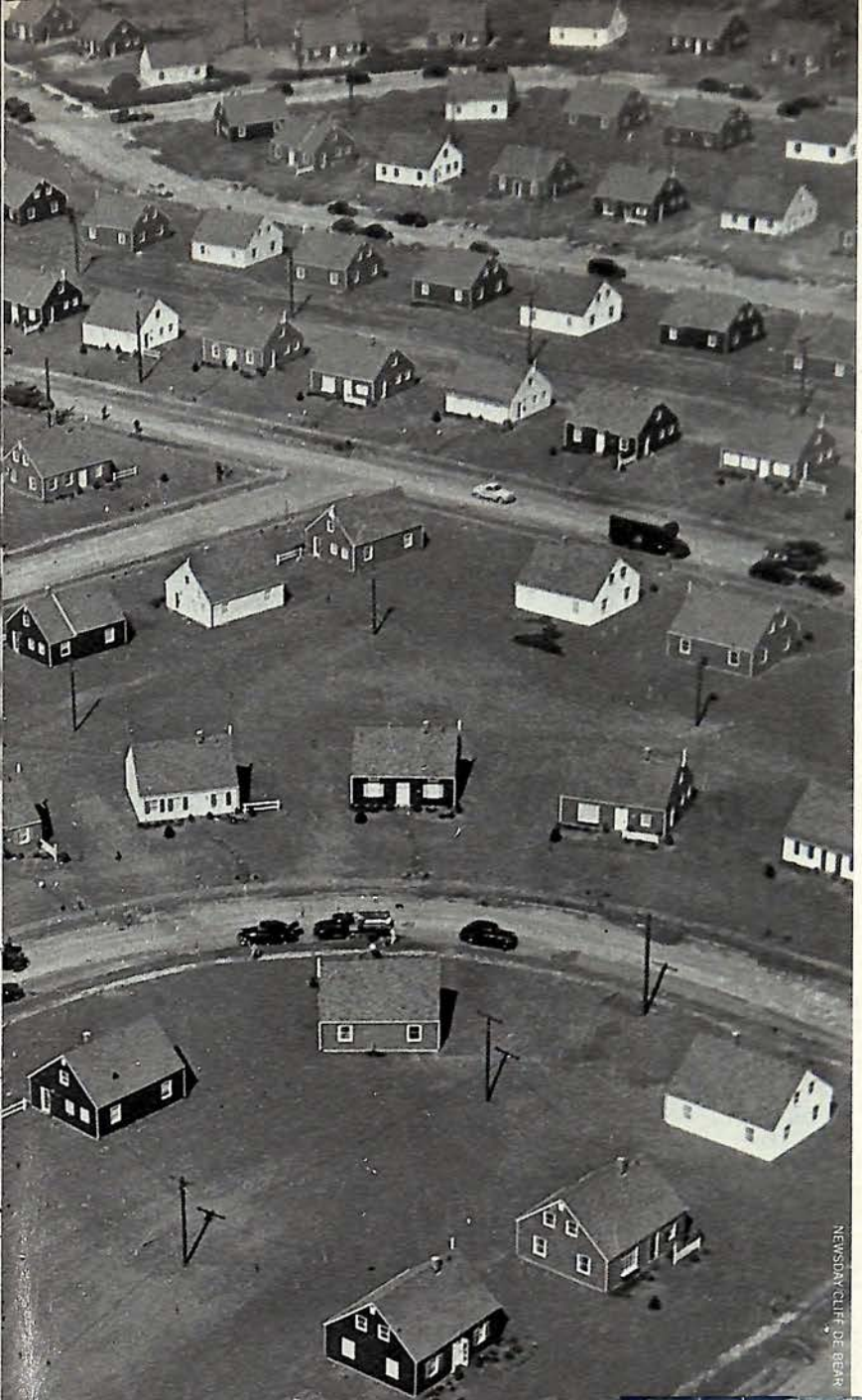

NEWSDAY CLIFF DE BEAR

# 40 YEARS AGO: LEVITTOWN BOOMS

*America's first mass-produced housing sprouts from potato fields almost overnight.*

## By Leslie Bennetts

It began as an entrepreneurial gleam in the eye of a Long Island real-estate developer. He gazed out upon a treeless plain populated mainly by potatoes and saw the answer to the post-World War II housing shortage.

More than an innovation in mass-produced construction, Levittown became a symbol of an era, a metaphor for suburbia itself, a catchword for conformity. It had social critics in a dither.

Today it's hard to see what all the fuss was about. Levittown seems like just another suburb, a dense enclave of houses clustered around a busy commercial strip lined with shopping plazas and fast-food franchises. It is also hard to believe that little more than 40 years ago, these same acres were potato fields in Island Trees, N.Y., a Long Island farming community too small to be included in the U.S. census. But that was before the golden nematode and William Levitt came along.

The golden nematode, a parasite, infested the potato crop, requiring state and Federal quarantines and driving down the value of agricultural acreage, making it a target for real estate developers. (Wags later suggested the town should have been called Nematodeburg or Nematodeville.) William Levitt was the man who—with his father and brother—bought the land and lent his name to a vast

LESLIE BENNETTS *is a contributing editor of* Vanity Fair.

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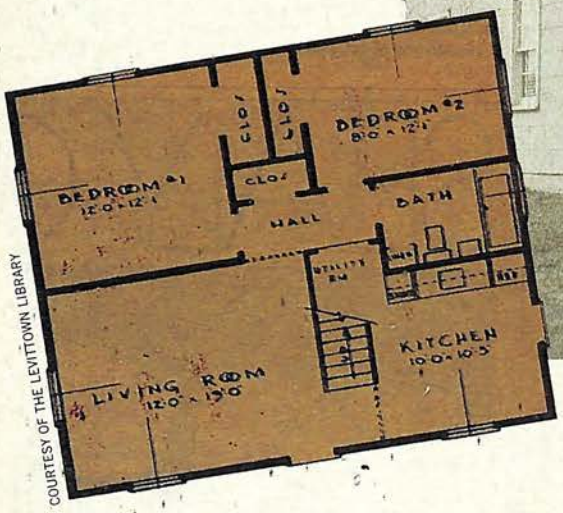
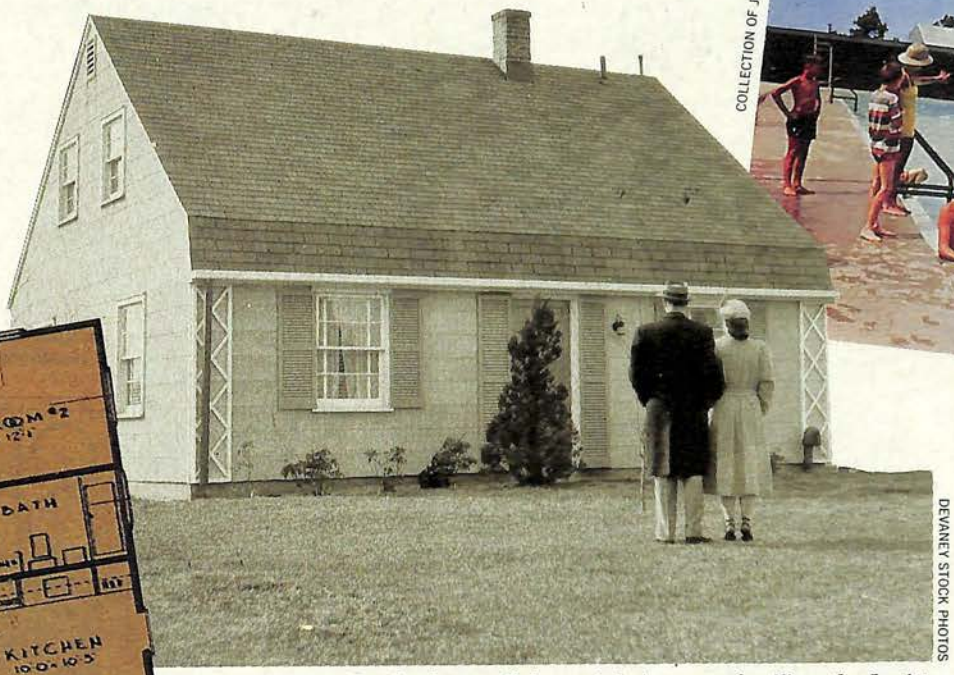
NEWSDAY/DAN NEVILLE




COURTESY OF THE LEVITTOWN LIBRARY



DEVANEY STOCK PHOTOS

COLLECTION OF JOSHUA SOREN

***To the former G.I.s and their young families, the Levitts offered a modest version of the American dream: a two-bedroom, one-bath bungalow in a community complete with swimming pools, village greens and shops.***

sea of tract housing that changed not only the local landscape, but the face of America as well.

The end of World War II saw the beginning of an acute housing shortage as some 16 million World War II veterans came marching home to marry and to have record numbers of children. Soon countless Americans were forced to live in garages, coal sheds, chicken coops, barns, tool sheds, granaries and smokehouses. Young families doubled up with relatives, straining already crowded tenements and rented rooms to the bursting point; others made do in former military barracks and Quonset huts.

No wonder the response was staggering when in the spring of 1947 Levitt & Sons announced a plan to build 2,000 inexpensive houses for veterans. The company received 2,578 inquiries in two days. In scenes likened at the time to the storming of Versailles or the Yukon gold rush, applicants besieged the Levitt offices. Though at first Levitt rented his houses for $65 per month, he soon decided to put them up for sale. ''When I saw houses for $6,990, with no down payment, I couldn't believe it,'' recalls John Kilbride, a retired Army major who was then living in a tiny Brooklyn apartment with his wife and their four children. After rushing to Levittown, the Kilbrides ''followed the map we were given and bought the first house we saw without even going inside.''

The unprecedented demand prompted an expansion of the project, then another, and another, until Levitt had built 17,447 houses on 6,000 acres in little more than four years. Borrowing from Henry Ford's automobile assembly line, he divided construction into 26 distinct steps carried out by teams of workers who traveled from site to site. Each performed one specific task, from pouring concrete slabs to painting shutters. ''We had carpenters who only did framing, others who did mill work, others who did roofing,'' Levitt remembers. ''Not only did this give us speed, but it gave the workmen incentive to be good. A slow and clumsy mechanic wouldn't last because he couldn't keep up.'' The method proved remarkably efficient, producing 35 or 36 houses per day.

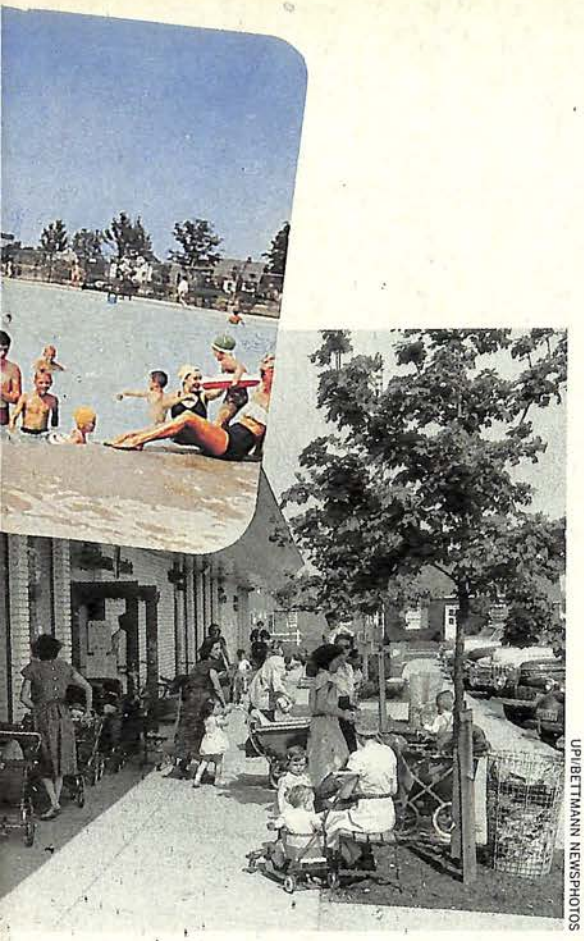
The first houses, ready for occupancy in October 1947, were based on New England's ''Cape Cod'' style. Each was identical, measuring 30 by 25 feet with a front door flanked by two shuttered windows. The Levitt house had two bedrooms, one bath, a living room, a kitchen and an unfinished second floor. It sat on a cement slab in the middle of a 60-by-100-foot plot.

Despite their Lilliputian dimensions, Levitt's houses came with state-of-the-art gadgetry: steel kitchen cabinets, G.E. refrigerators, electric ranges and Bendix automatic washing machines. ''Nobody had ever given anybody anything like that,'' recalls Cele Roberts, who arrived in Levittown in 1949 and remains there today. Later models boasted brick fireplaces, carports, built-in TV sets and Venetian blinds.

Community amenities multiplied quickly. Good to his word, Levitt built swimming pools, athletic fields, baseball diamonds and ''village greens'' full of shops. He also included in his ''garden community'' plots of land for schools, churches and synagogues.

By the time Levittown was completed, in 1951, the little houses stretched as far as the eye could see—row upon identical row of rectangular boxes. Cartoonists had a field day, portraying men who came home from work to walk into the wrong house and to kiss the wrong wife.

Social critics denounced Levittown as a ''social cancer'' that would blight the nation. Its conforming inhabitants, the critics chorused, had opted for monotony and mediocrity in a homogeneous thicket of ticky-tack houses. Architecture critic Lewis Mumford railed against ''a multitude of uniform, unidentifiable houses, lined up inflexibly at uniform distances, on uniform roads, in a treeless communal waste, inhabited by people of the same class, the same income, the same age group, witnessing the same television per-



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

formances, eating the same tasteless prefabricated foods from the same freezers, conforming in every outward and inward respect to a common mold.''

In a 1956 novel, *A Crack in the Picture Window*, writer John Keats satirized a young couple named John and Mary Drone who move into a ''box on a slab'' in a fictional development called Rolling Knolls Estates. ''More insidious and far more dangerous than any other influence is the housing development's destruction of individuality,'' he wrote. ''The closer we huddle together, the greater this pressure for conformity becomes . . . breeding swarms of neuter drones.''

But what the critics saw as a lack of individuality—a life sentence to be served in a stultifying grid—its youthful inhabitants often experienced as community and a welcome support system. For the first year or so, almost no Levittowner had a telephone; thus, the first houses to be hooked up became message centers for the neighborhood. In the early years, most men marched off to work each morning. Their wives, staying home to tend babies, helped each other with shopping, babysitting and the minor travails of domestic life. (Levittown's fecundity earned it such nicknames as ''Fertile Acres'' and ''The Rabbit Warren''; pregnancy came to be known as ''The Levittown Look.'')

''People needed each other,'' recalls Tom Carroll, a professional dog trainer who moved to Levittown in 1950. ''There was more camaraderie between people back then. Now everybody's got two or three cars in the driveway and there are shopping malls all over the place. You don't have to get involved with your neighbor. Nowadays you got mothers and fathers working; nobody has time for a cup of coffee over the back fence. When the new people come in, they don't know what Levittown used to be.''

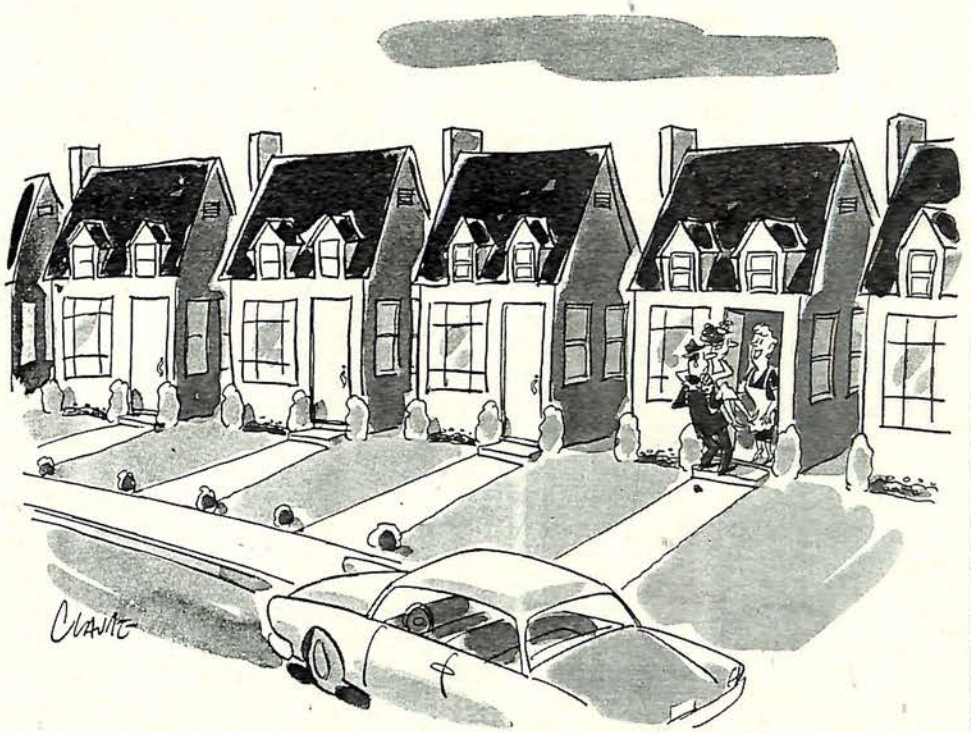
Bill Levitt's rigorous vision was imposed along with a vast array of rules and regulations. ''Lawns must be cut and tall weeds removed at least once a week,'' read Levitt & Sons' Summary of Covenants and Restrictions. ''No shrubs exceeding four feet may be planted along property lines.'' Looking back, Levitt claims the residents wanted clear guidelines. But he acknowledges that they also wanted to express their individual tastes. Restrictions on building alterations, he says, ''were instantly violated. Nobody paid any attention to them.''

But one restriction rigorously enforced was that which prohibited ''the premises to be used or occupied by any person other than members of the Caucasian race.'' Forty years ago, few Levittowners expressed dissent. Defending that policy today, Levitt says he was hardly the only developer to exclude blacks and asserts that the decision was economic, not racist. ''I once said that if we sell houses to black people, white people won't buy. And if white people don't buy, and there aren't enough black people to buy, we will be out of business.'' (Further, the Federal Housing Administration was reluctant to approve mortgages in racially mixed neighborhoods, fearing that, with integration, property values would decline.)

Levitt removed the ''Caucasian only'' clause from his contracts in 1949. Still, he declared he had the right to decide who could buy his houses, and even after a 1968 Federal law banned racial discrimination, Levittown remained a largely homogeneous community. The most recent census (1980) found the population to be 99 percent white, leading to speculation that more subtle forms of racism continue.

''I feel they must be keeping out minorities,'' says Lisa Quadri, who moved in five years ago and whose five children were all born in Levittown. She and her husband, who comes from Pakistan, had to go to court to defend the stockade fence they erected to keep their children from going into the street. ''My husband is dark-skinned, and I feel that's why we're being picked on,'' she says. On the other side of the stockade are Levittowners who say they simply want to maintain an open

**Continued on page 70**



DRAWING BY CLAUDE; ©1955, 1983, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

*"Why, you must be the new people next door!"*

# Beleaguered Builder

**By Delphine Taylor**

William Levitt does not apologize for changing the face of America. On the contrary, when the subject of Levittown comes up, the 83-year-old builder's raspy voice resonates with pride. "We built shelter," he says. "We built roofs over people's heads. They needed it. Half the women were pregnant and the other half had tots in their arms."

Born in 1907 to a Brooklyn attorney and his wife, Levitt became a builder out of necessity. When a real-estate slump forced a developer out of a deal to build on land his father owned, Levitt, 20, dropped out of law school to take over the project. "My father wasn't a builder," says Levitt. "He was just an amateur horticulturist who knew real-estate law." Younger brother Alfred, then only 17, also jumped in. "He showed promise of being an architect, so he did some sketching and I just kind of pinch-hit," says Levitt. "In our first year we built 18 houses in total. In 1947, we built 18 houses every morning and 18 more in the afternoon."

During the Depression, Levitt & Sons thrived by building upscale custom houses on the outskirts of New York City. When, after Pearl Harbor, the War Production Board banned all building unrelated to the war effort, Levitt (who later served in the Seabees) secured a Navy contract to build 750 officers' bungalows and 1,600 row houses for shipyard workers in Norfolk, Va. Applying assembly-line techniques to housing, Levitt completed the project in only 18 months.

Whether lucky or far-seeing, or both, Levitt had begun buying Long Island potato fields before the war. He paid $200 an acre for the first 200 acres with an option to buy another 200 per year for the next six years. By war's end, Levitt & Sons had accumulated the 1,400 acres that were to become early Levittown.

The first 300 people moved in on Oct. 1, 1947, and demand ran at a fever pitch for more than two years. "To tell you the truth, we never expected the kind of response we got," says Levitt today. One Monday in 1949, the company announced it would begin taking applications for new houses a week later. People started lining up that Wednesday, in freezing weather. "We gave them coffee and buns to hold them over," Levitt remembers. "We even almost had a birth right there in line." On one particular evening, 1,100 contracts were signed in five hours.

Forty years later, the builder claims Levittown's critics all missed the point. "What they said was true," he concedes. "I mean, in the beginning the houses *were* all look-alikes." But they filled a tremendous need. "Nobody else could build as cheaply as we could." Levitt recalls a conversation he had with architect Frank Lloyd Wright. "He said my houses were horrible, just horrible, so I asked him what he would do in the same 800 square feet. He went on to describe a beautiful house. I then asked him how much he'd have to sell his house for. He humphed and grumbled, then finally came up with a figure of $40,000. I said, 'That's just fine, Mr. Wright, but we sold *our* houses for under $8,000. You may have a lot of talent, but you know nothing about costs.' "

Besides Levittown, N.Y., Levitt built similar communities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, suburban Washington and Puerto Rico. Levitt & Sons also put up apartments and houses in and around Chicago, Paris and Madrid. Levitt's father and brother both died in the 1960's.

In 1968, Levitt sold the company to International Telephone and Telegraph for $92 million in stock, hoping the infusion of capital would lead to even greater success. It didn't work out that way. When ITT sold the company in 1978, Levitt was ousted. "My friends and advisers told me I'd be a fool to pass up [the ITT deal], but I really regret it now," he says. He particularly regrets having given up the right to put the Levitt name on any U.S. project for a period of 10 years. "It's ironic, isn't it, that anyone else but me could use the name Levittown," he sighs.

If Levitt enjoys recounting his achievements, he also has no hesitancy about describing his failures. "I've proved the law of averages is wrong," he says with a half-smile. "I've had *more* than my share of disasters." In 1979, he put together a deal with the Iranian government to build 14,000 houses in Teheran. "Then Khomeini came and I ran for my life." He is still trying to recover some $34 million he says he lost there. A $700 million deal to build 25,000 houses in Venezuela fell through not long afterward. Levitt ran into more trouble in Nigeria and in Orlando, Fla., where he completed only half the units in his Williamsburg (taken from Levitt's first name) retirement community before he lost financial backing.

Levitt's troubles caught the attention of the New York State Attorney General's office. In 1981 and 1983 it sued him for diverting—he says "borrowing"—more than $14 million from the Levitt Foundation for "personal use." (The Levitts established the Foundation as a tax-exempt, charitable fund in 1949.) In 1987, Levitt agreed to return some $11 million to the foundation, but with accumulated interest he still owes $9.5 million.

In 1987, the New York Attorney General's office again sued Levitt, this time on behalf of customers who deposited some $1 million on houses yet to be started in another troubled Levitt project in Orlando, Poinciana Park. Levitt says the money was frozen when the savings and loan association that underwrote the project went bankrupt. Once the money became available, he adds, "we paid off everybody and haven't heard a word since." The state says he still owes $200,000.

In 1988 Levitt sold La Colline, his 30-room Mill Neck, N.Y., house, and his 284-foot yacht, La Belle Simone, named after his third wife, to whom he has been married for 20 years. (He has two sons from his first marriage.) But despite his recent string of misadventures, Levitt appears undaunted and insists he has no intention of slowing down. "I think it's time for the tables to turn in my favor," he says with a confident smile. "I might have a good story for you very, very soon." ■

FRED CONRAD/NYT PICTURES

*Despite recent financial troubles and a string of sour business deals, Levitt looks to brighter days.*

JOHN KILBRIDE
*A former Army major, he has yet to expand his 1948 house. His six kids, he says, had room enough to grow.*

LISA QUADRI
*Though comfortable in the community, Quadri and her Pakistani husband sense subtle racism.*

TOM CARROLL
*A Levittowner since 1950, he misses the days when neighbors took the time to stop and chat.*

CELE ROBERTS
*Singing Levittown's praises, Roberts recently completed renovations on her 1949 house.*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY JAN STALLER (4)

***Continued from page 67***

and uncluttered community. "If newcomers can't conform," says John Kilbride, one of the very few original Levittowners not to change his house at all, "who the hell needs them?"

But if Levittown's racial attitudes seem suspended in time, the suburb has otherwise kept up with the times. In 1960 only 16 percent of its women were employed outside the home. By 1980 fully 55 percent had joined the work force, a figure that will almost certainly grow by the next census. (The national average is 53 percent.) The number of single parents increased by 30 percent between 1970 and 1980, and from 1960 to 1980 the number of divorced residents ballooned by 424 percent. Where 19,000 children once attended class in four different school districts, the student population now numbers only 7,000.

While birth rates were going down, house prices were going up. The classic Levitt house that sold for $6,990 in 1947 was worth $15,000 by 1967, $60,000 by 1980, $125,000 by 1986 and $150,000 by 1987. Today, with the recent softening in the housing market, the price ranges from $135,000 to $150,000.

Not that many of them bear much resemblance to the originals; a first-time visitor might find it hard to believe that Levittown was once a synonym for sterile uniformity. Over the years, homeowners have altered the original box with extensions, dormers, bay windows, breezeways, porches, turrets, covered patios and every imaginable kind of construction and renovation. The original synthetic shingles have been covered with vinyl siding or wood paneling or imitation stone or brick, yards have been landscaped with densely planted foliage or minimalist Japanese gardens. The result is an explosive assertion of individuality that would have stunned Levittown's early detractors. Almost no two houses look alike; a quasi-Tudor facade nestles alongside a streamlined modernist creation which crowds up against a wood-shingled ersatz ski chalet.

NEWSDAY/DAN NEVILLE

*Today, as alterations run rampant, almost no two houses look the same.*

In fact, the Smithsonian Institution is now looking for someone to donate an original Levittown house to its collection on the American home. "It is not just an example of innovative building technology," says Bill Yeingst of the Smithsonian's Division of Domestic Life. "Before Levitt, suburbanization was an upper- and middle-class phenomenon. With Levitt, the ideal of owning your own home became a reality to the working class for the first time."

"Levitt gave everyone the raw material, and people, with their fertile imaginations, have known how to make something out of it," says Cele Roberts, who recently completed yet another round of renovations on her own house. "It's just a matter of individuality. My feeling was, I didn't want a house that looks just like the one next door."

That pride has helped to defy the experts who predicted 40 years ago that Levittown would be a slum within 20 years. "We proved them wrong," Roberts says with no small satisfaction. ■

JUNE AND JULY

# 1960

30 YEARS AGO

DALMAS/SIPA

## BEAR FANGS

**June 3** Still rankled by the U-2 spy-plane affair and the collapse of the Paris peace summit in mid-May, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev today launched the latest in a series of harsh personal attacks on President Eisenhower. "I think that when the President stops being President," said Khrushchev, "the best job we could give him in our country would be as a director of a children's home. He would not harm children. But as head of a mighty state," Khrushchev added, "he's more dangerous and might do a lot of harm."

## SPY FLIGHT?

**July 11** The Soviet Union claimed today that one of its fighter planes shot down a U.S. Air Force RB-47 jet reconnaissance bomber on July 1 as the plane penetrated Soviet airspace over the Barents Sea. Four crewmen died and two were captured, the U.S.S.R. said, and would be tried for violating Soviet territory. Air Force spokesmen in Wiesbaden, West Germany, where the plane had been reported 24 hours overdue on July 2, said the plane was on an "electro-magnetic survey" mission north of Norway and the U.S.S.R., and that its flight bore no relation to the discontinued U-2 espionage program.

**Update** Demanding return of the two captive crewmen and the body of the pilot, the U.S. on July 12 called the Soviet version of the RB-47's downing a "willful . . . misstatement of fact" and claimed that Soviet planes had "wantonly attacked the American airplane over international waters." After confining the two crewmen for six months, the Soviets dropped charges against the pair and allowed them to return to the U.S.

## DANCIN' IN THE STREETS

**June 30** Congolese citizens took to the streets today to celebrate the proclamation of an independent Republic of Congo by King Baudouin I of Belgium. The King received a warm welcome in Leopoldville by Congo President Joseph Kasavubu and Premier Patrice Lumumba, who had twice been jailed by the Belgians.

**Update** One day later, the dancing turned to blood in the streets as rival Congolese tribesmen fought each other in two cities, the result of long-simmering tribal hostilities. The disorder spread, verging on civil war, as Congolese troops rebelled against Belgian officers and reports of attacks, rapes and murder of Europeans prompted many to flee the country. U.N. and Belgian troops were sent to restore order. Lumumba was shortly removed by Kasavubu and died under mysterious circumstances in 1961. In 1965 the C.I.A. helped install Gen. Joseph D. Mobutu as president, and in 1971 the country changed its name to the Republic of Zaire. The dictatorial Mobutu, now called Mobutu Sese Seko, remains president of the economically depressed country.

## SEE JACK AND DICK RUN

**July 15** Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy today accepted his party's nomination for President at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. In a surprise move, JFK named Texas Senator Lyndon B. Johnson as his running mate.

**July 27** Vice President Richard M. Nixon won the Republican nomination for President on the first ballot at the Republican convention in Chicago today. The first V.P. to be nominated since Martin Van Buren in 1836, Nixon took all but 10 of the votes. Those 10 went to Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater, despite his withdrawal from the race. The next day, Nixon named Henry Cabot Lodge, chief U.S. delegate to the U.N., as his running mate.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### Findings

**June 6** American Heart Association reports first evidence showing statistical link between heavy smoking and heart disease . . . **June 20** Five-year U.S. Navy study indicates bottle-nosed dolphin has brain that is at least equal, and perhaps superior, to that of man . . . **July 21** Discovery of 30,000-year-old fossil in Mexico pushes estimates of man's existence in hemisphere back 20,000 years.

### World Briefs

**June 16** Rioting radicals force cancellation of Eisenhower visit to Japan . . . **July 4** Fifty-star flag makes official debut in ceremony at Independence Hall in Philadelphia . . . **July 21** Sirimavo Bandaranaike, 44-year-old mother of three, is sworn in as prime minister of Ceylon.

### Sportin' Life

**June 14** Ex-middleweight champ Jake LaMotta tells Senate hearing that he threw fight in '47 in order to get a bout with middleweight champ Marcel Cerdan . . . **June 20** Heavyweight champ Floyd Patterson avenges

PHOTOFEST

loss to Sweden's Ingemar Johansson; becomes first boxer ever to regain world heavyweight title . . . **July 1** John Thomas breaks world outdoor high-jump mark—twice—at U.S. Olympic trials. New mark: 7 feet 3¾ inches.

### On the Tube

**June 20** Emmy Awards honor *Huntley-Brinkley Report, Huckleberry Hound, Playhouse 90,* Robert Stack in *The Untouchables.*

30 Years Ago

the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

Hunt...for the best

## MINESTRONE

Today, in your own kitchen, you can make the best-loved soup in all of Italy! So hearty and satisfying, Minestrone is a meal in itself. Just serve with bread sticks and salad. To make it the Italian way, be sure to use rich, thick Hunt's Tomato Paste. It's the one made with real Italian-type tomatoes.

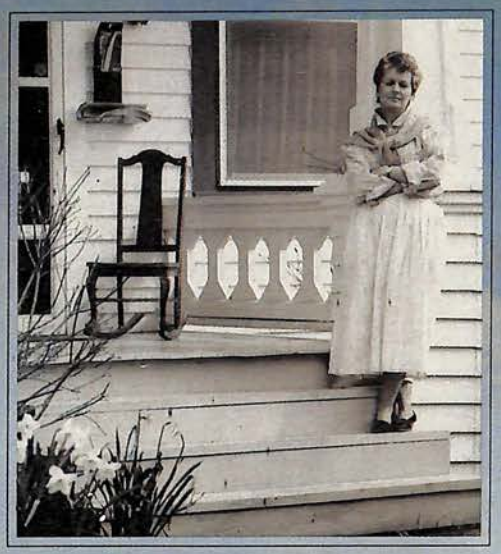
- ¼ cup Wesson, pure vegetable oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 (6-oz.) cans Hunt's Tomato Paste*
- 1 (10½-oz.) can beef broth
- 2½ quarts water
- 1 cup chopped cabbage
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas and carrots
- 2½ teasp. salt
- ¼ teasp. pepper
- ½ teasp. rosemary leaves
- 1 (1-lb.) can kidney beans, not drained
- 1 cup small elbow macaroni
- Grated Parmesan cheese

Cook garlic, onion and celery in Wesson in large kettle. Stir in Hunt's Tomato Paste and next seven ingredients. Bring to boil, cover and simmer slowly 1 hour. Add remaining ingredients except cheese. Cook 15 minutes longer. Garnish with Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure, concentrated tomato. Use it in your cooking by the spoonful, combining with liquid, until you add the amount of tomato flavor you want.

# HUNT'S® GREAT AMERICAN COOKS

*This is Sherlyne Hutchinson.*
*Cooking is her creative outlet.*
*Designed her own home.*
*She uses Hunt's.*



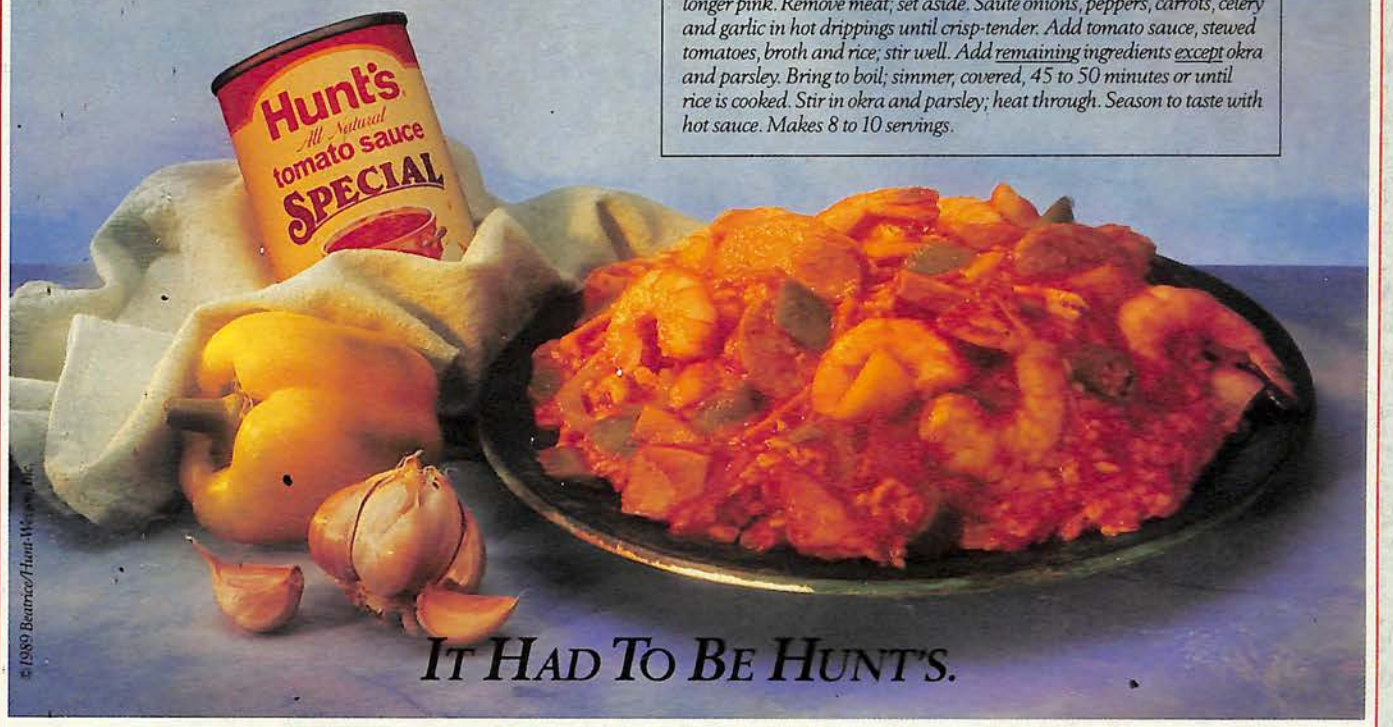
*This is her Hunt's Jambalaya.*

*Ever since she was a little girl, she searched for life beyond meat and potatoes. Her Northwestern Bayou Jambalaya shows she found what she was looking for. It's made with Hunt's because it always comes out better that way. Something folks have known for 100 years. Something your family will know after just one taste.*

**Sherlyne's Jambalaya**

- 6 slices bacon, diced
- 1 lb. skinless chicken breast filets, cut in ½-inch cubes
- 2½ cups chopped onions
- 2 cups chopped yellow, red or green bell peppers
- ½ cup each: julienne-cut carrots and sliced celery
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 (15-oz.) cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce OR Tomato Sauce Special
- 1 (14 ½-oz.) can Hunt's Stewed Tomatoes, undrained
- 1 (14 ½-oz.) can chicken broth
- 2 cups converted raw rice
- 1 lb. each: cubed ham steak, diagonally-sliced hot-link OR regular smoked sausage and deveined and peeled cooked shrimp
- 2 teasp. each: thyme and salt
- 1 teasp. Gebhardt Chili Powder
- ½ teasp. pepper
- 1 cup frozen sliced okra, thawed (optional)
- ½ cup minced fresh parsley
- Louisiana-Style hot sauce, to taste

In Dutch oven, fry bacon until crisp; add chicken and cook until no longer pink. Remove meat; set aside. Sauté onions, peppers, carrots, celery and garlic in hot drippings until crisp-tender. Add tomato sauce, stewed tomatoes, broth and rice; stir well. Add remaining ingredients except okra and parsley. Bring to boil; simmer, covered, 45 to 50 minutes or until rice is cooked. Stir in okra and parsley; heat through. Season to taste with hot sauce. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

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*IT HAD TO BE HUNT'S.*

Spe

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

# 30 YEARS AGO: A PSYCHO RUNS LOOSE IN MOVIE THEATERS

*His films made audiences leap out of their skins. But for Alfred Hitchcock, shooting a movie was often just a yawn.*

**By Elise J. Marton**

*Psycho*, with its diabolically effective manipulation of audience emotions, carried its director to the commercial crest of his long career. The June 1960 release, made for a mere $800,000, grossed approximately $15 million in its initial run in the U.S. alone. Of course, Alfred Joseph Hitchcock had long been regarded as one of the world's most accomplished directors, a reputation he had been building since he sat in his first director's chair on a silent German/British production in 1925.

Hitchcock was born Aug. 13, 1899, in Leytonstone, a small town on the outskirts of London. The youngest child of William Hitchcock, a greengrocer and poultry dealer, and his wife, Emma, he grew up a quiet lad in a strict, Catholic, working-class household. He was sent to a Jesuit school; his time there, he later reflected, was "rather like the execution of a sentence." He dropped out at the age of 14, shortly before the death of his father.

His first job was as a technical clerk with a telegraph company. He later moved to the advertising department and in 1919 began designing title cards for an American-run movie studio operating north of London. He soon found himself involved with scriptwriting, set design and film editing as well. After serving as assistant director on a handful of forgettable films, he got the opportunity to direct his own, *The Pleasure Garden* (1925), an undistinguished silent melodrama.

The film he would later refer to as the "first true Hitchcock" was actually his third, *The Lodger* (1926), the story of a man mistakenly thought to be Jack the Ripper. It introduced themes—sexual perversion and the abuse of women—and character types—a deranged murderer and a "wrong man" persecuted for a crime he did not commit—that would surface repeatedly in Hitchcock's work. It was in *The Lodger*, too, that the director made his own first fleeting appearance, a device that would become a signature. The film got good reviews and was a hit in England.

In 1926, Hitchcock married Alma Reville, the assistant director on *The Lodger*. She would work on her husband's productions—officially and unofficially—for the duration of their 53-year marriage. Their only child, Patricia, born in 1928, would become an actress.

After three more silent films, Hitchcock made the first British talkie, *Blackmail* (1929). The story of a woman who kills a man in self-defense, it was a huge critical and financial success.

Hitchcock scored with a string of thrillers in the 1930's: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934), *The 39 Steps* (1935), *Secret Agent* (1936), *Sabotage* (1936) and *The*

ellbinder

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

BLACKMAIL *(1929); Hitchcock at far right*

SPELLBOUND *(1945)*

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

SHADOW OF A DOUBT *(1943) with Joseph Cotten and Teresa Wright*

*Lady Vanishes* (1938). Courted by numerous Hollywood producers, he accepted a contract from David O. Selznick and moved his family to America in 1939. (He became a U.S. citizen in 1955.)

*Rebecca* (1940), the director's first American film, won the best-picture Oscar in 1941, the only Hitchcock film ever to win an Academy Award. (As is customary, the prize went to the producer.) Hitchcock would be nominated as best director five times, but the only Oscar he ever took home was an honorary Thalberg Award, in 1968.

Over the next two decades Hitchcock's output was both prodigious and, many critics agreed, brilliant. (Still, he never lacked for detractors who said his films were all surface and no substance, that his plots were implausible and his characters shallow.) A string of hits—*Foreign Correspondent* (1940), *Suspicion* (1941), *Saboteur* (1942), *Spellbound* (1945), *Notorious* (1946), *Strangers on a Train* (1951), *Rear Window* (1954), *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1956), *Vertigo* (1958) and *North by Northwest* (1959)—established him as the best-known filmmaker in the world, one of the very few directors who had as much marquee value as his stars.

On the set he was a perfectionist. "You had to be very good at your job," remembers Peggy Robertson, who was the director's assistant for 25 years. "You couldn't make any mistakes with Hitch. He couldn't stand people who used alibis."

"By the time he actually got to shooting a film, he had it finished in his mind," adds Suzanne Pleshette, who had a key role in *The Birds* (1963). "He didn't shoot anything superfluous. He knew precisely what the film was going to be. And there were very few actors who could bring much to bear on the project that would make him change his vision."

"I was a stage actor," Pleshette continues, "and was used to contributing. I came in with an idea for a scene and in fact did interest him enough in a point of view that he did make a minor change in a scene. I didn't realize until much later what a compliment that was."

Though he came to the studio knowing precisely what he wanted from everyone, "he wasn't very active on the set because he was so roly-poly," says Robert Cummings, who worked with Hitchcock on *Saboteur* and *Dial M for Murder* (1954). Indeed, the director usually carried well over 220 pounds, and sometimes as much as 300, on his 5-foot-8-inch frame. "He would just sit in his chair and tell you what to do instead of demonstrating," Cummings adds. Jay Presson Allen, who wrote the screenplay for *Marnie* (1964), remembers that "he would sit like a buddha, very still, unbelievably composed."

In fact, some of that stillness may have come from boredom. "I wish I didn't have to shoot the picture," he once said. "When I've gone through the script and created the piece on paper, for me the creative work is done."

Farley Granger, who worked with Hitchcock on several films, remembers the second day of shooting on *Strangers on a Train*: "We were in the Washington, D.C., train station, and he was sitting there moping. I asked him what the matter was, and he said, 'Oh, I'm so bored.' I said, 'Bored! How can you be? It's only the second day of shooting.' And he said, 'Yes, I know, but I've done it all, Farley, you know that.' And it's true, he *had* done it all. Now he just had to put the actors through their paces."

Much has been written over the years about Hitchcock's purported scorn of actors. "Actors are cattle," he has been widely quoted as saying. "I tell them I hate the sight of them and they love it, the exhibitionists! Any profession that calls for a man to use paint and powder on his face in order to earn a living gives me evil thoughts."

But many of those he worked with say his actions on the set belied his words. The "cattle" quote, says Cummings, "was as far from the truth as anything could be. He was most considerate. He didn't tell me very much, he'd just say, 'Let's run the scene.' I kept waiting for the day that he would take me apart, but he didn't. With some directors you had fear. With Hitch it was a matter of respect."

Hitchcock's daughter, Patricia, who had a key role in *Strangers on a Train* and cameos in *Stage Fright* (1950) and *Psycho*, terms her father's cattle comment "a joke." "He was an absolute dream of a director," she says, "because the sets were always quiet, there were no histrionics. He let you bring what you wanted

PICTORIAL PARADE

*Hitch surfaced fleetingly in most of his films. In* **Frenzy** *he briefly floated down the Thames.*

PHOTOFEST

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/ NEAL PETERS

NOTORIOUS *(1946)* *with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman*

PHOTOFEST

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN *(1951)* *with Robert Walker and Farley Granger*

TO CATCH A THIEF *(1955) with Grace Kelly and Cary Grant*

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

KOBAL COLLECTION

VERTIGO *(1958) with James Stewart and Kim Novak*

to the part. If he wanted to direct you, he would do it very quietly.''

''I imagine if he thought you were incompetent he could be cruel, because he was a very bright man and he was used to control,'' adds Pleshette. ''But that's true of most extraordinary directors who have a vision and see it through.''

Still, the stories of physical ordeals the director inflicted on his cast members—particularly the women—indicate some disdain. For instance, in *Vertigo* Kim Novak's character fakes a suicide by leaping into San Francisco Bay. Hitchcock made Novak jump into a studio tank over and over before he was satisfied with the take. ''It was very hard for me to get what I wanted from her,'' Hitchcock said afterward. ''At least I got the chance to throw her into the water.''

Actress Tippi Hedren endured a worse ordeal in the filming of *The Birds*. ''From the very beginning,'' she remembers, ''I was told we would use mechanical birds for the attack scene, and I came to the studio prepared to do it with no apprehension whatsoever.'' When told by an assistant director that *real* birds would be used instead, ''I felt my mouth drop open. I went out the door, and there was a cage filled with crows and seagulls.''

''When they started shooting, they hurled all these birds at me and I just had to fend them off,'' Hedren continues. When some of them flew away too quickly, they were tied to her with rubber bands. ''The humane society was there the whole time, and I was wondering, where's the humane society for *me*?'' With the birds and the actress growing increasingly distraught, the filming of the two-minute scene continued for a week—until one bird opened a gash under the actress's eye with a violent peck. Hedren suffered a nervous collapse, and shooting had to be suspended for a week. ''It was horrific, absolutely horrific,'' the actress says today.

Still, the experience didn't lessen Hedren's professional regard for Hitchcock. ''I've never worked with anybody like him before or after,'' she says. ''He gave me such confidence, because I knew that *he* knew exactly what he wanted from me. That's a very, very rare quality.'' (Nor did the experience lessen Hedren's regard for animals; today she is president of the Shambala Preserve, a wildlife habitat near Los Angeles.)

In 1955, Hitchcock's fame, if not the quality of his work, took a quantum leap when he walked into America's living rooms as host of a half-hour television anthology series, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, on which he also served as supervisor and occasional director. The series and its successor, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, ran on CBS until 1965. Today episodes can still be seen in syndication.

But it was movies that absorbed Hitchcock's genius, and nowhere was it more convincingly displayed than in *Psycho*, though the film was coolly received by critics upon its release. The *New York Times*'s Bosley Crowther called it an ''obviously low-budget job,'' adding, ''It may be a matter of question whether Mr. Hitchcock's points of psychology . . . are as reliable as his melodramatic stunts.''

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY GARY MOSS/OUTLINE PRESS

*Actress Patricia Hitchcock insists her dad was ''a dream of a director.''*

No matter. The movie, whose advertisements shrewdly insisted that ''No one, BUT NO ONE, will be admitted to the theater after the start of each performance,'' was a runaway success. Theater attendance records fell; moviegoers shrieked, leapt out of their seats and even fainted. Police had to be called in to direct traffic at drive-in theaters; long lines of moviegoers wound around city blocks.

Today *Psycho* still has the power to

**Continued on page 80**

# Behind the Curtain

**By Stephen Rebello**

*Early in* Psycho, *a woman named Marion Crane (played by Janet Leigh) embezzles $40,000 from her employer to start a new life with her lover, Sam Loomis (John Gavin). En route with the cash to a rendezvous with Sam, Crane stops for the night at a ramshackle motel. The proprietor, Norman Bates (Tony Perkins), appears to be an introverted, slightly odd mama's boy who spies on Crane through a secret peephole as she undresses for a shower. In the shower, the young woman is brutally stabbed to death, apparently by Bates's mother. Only at the film's end do we learn that the old lady is long dead, killed by Bates, who has kept her alive in his mind by impersonating her.*

Hitchcock had long used bathrooms as backdrops for scenes of menace. But in *Psycho* he turned a bathtub shower into a place of outright horror and in so doing made film history.

He began preparing actress Janet Leigh for the shower sequence early in the shooting, showing her graphic designer Saul Bass's storyboards quite proudly. "The storyboards detailed all the angles," Leigh remembers, "so that I knew the camera would be *there*, then *there*. The camera was at different places all the time."

"Hitch was very clear about what he wanted from me," Leigh adds. "The shower was a baptism, a taking away of the torment from [the character's] mind. Marion became a virgin again. He wanted the audience to feel her peacefulness, her kind of rebirth, so the moment of intrusion is even more shocking."

Writer Joseph Stefano recalls Hitchcock saying he expected problems with the scene because Leigh was self-conscious, especially about her breasts. "She thinks they're too big," the director said. "We'll try to get it over as fast as possible for her sake."

Hitchcock wanted Leigh to do the sequence nude. But makeup man Jack Barron recalls that "when it came down to it, she wasn't having any part of it." Barron asked Hitchcock if he wanted any "wound" makeup. "No," said Hitchcock, "we'll never show any actual stabbing. Just bring *plenty* of chocolate syrup for the blood." (The film was shot in black and white.)

Costume supervisor Helen Colvig and on-set costumer Rita Riggs worried about how to suggest nudity, remain within censorship bounds and respect the star's modesty. Leigh and Riggs studied stripper costumes in magazines. "They all had feathers, spangles, pinwheels and birds of paradise," Leigh recalls. "Rita came up with a brilliant idea, to use moleskin over both breasts and vital parts—and that was *it*."

"I came to think of it as sculpture," says Riggs. "If we had to see a part of a breast, say, under the crook of an elbow, I'd sculpt moleskin, then glue, cover and trim away until just the amount of the body that was needed was visible."

Hitchcock also hired—for $500—a 23-year-old dancer-model whose proportions approximated Leigh's. "I want someone whose job it is to be naked on a set, so I don't have to worry about covering her," Hitchcock explained to Stefano. Hitchcock told reporters that the model, Marli Renfro, was required solely "for a rear-view scene of Miss Leigh."

While the shower scene was based upon a series of repetitive images in which there was a lot of motion, there was actually very little activity. "After all," says graphic designer Bass, "all that happens was that a woman takes a shower, gets hit, and slowly slides down the tub. Instead, [we filmed] a repetitive series of motions: She's taking-a-shower, taking-a-shower, taking-a-shower. She's hit-hit-hit-hit-hit. She slides-slides-slides. She's hit-hit-hit-hit. She slides-slides-slides. The movement was very narrow and the amount of activity to get you there was very intense."

Hitchcock wanted to convey the precise sound a knife might make when jabbing a body. "He told the prop man to go out and get a watermelon," recalls script supervisor Marshall Schlom. "Knowing Hitchcock, the prop man knew he had to come back not only with watermelons of all sizes, but casabas, cantaloupes and honeydews." In a recording studio, the prop man audi-

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STEPHEN REBELLO *is a screenwriter and journalist who writes about film.*

Adapted from *Alfred Hitchcock and the Making of Psycho* by Stephen Rebello, published May 1990 by Dembner Books. Copyright ©1990 by Stephen Rebello. Reprinted by permission of Dembner Books.

tioned the melons, stabbing one after another. Hitchcock sat listening with his eyes closed. When the demonstration table was littered with shredded fruit, Hitchcock opened his eyes and intoned simply: "Casaba."

He also insisted upon a shot showing water pulsing out of the shower head straight toward the camera. Schlom recalls that everyone involved wondered the same thing: "If we shoot right at it, how are we going to keep the lens dry?" Hitchcock came up with a solution: Use a long lens, he said, "and block off the inner holes on the shower head so they won't spout water." The long lens allowed the cameraman to stand farther back from the shower head. Though the water appeared to hit the lens, it actually sprayed past it. "The guys on the sides [of the set] got a little soaked," says Schlom, "but we got the shot."

Stuntwoman Margo Epper played Mother in the sequence. "The crew always referred to Mother and son, Norman Bates, as *totally* separate people," remembers Tony Perkins, who did not participate in the shooting of the shower scene. "Mother always had her own 'backstage' persona, as it were. It was just not acknowledged that *Norman* is Mother."

"Hitchcock was an odd person to work for," says Epper, who was 24 when she shot her scenes for *Psycho*. "We were working on a kind of raised platform. I can remember him standing just below us looking up and saying exactly what to do and how to do it. I was just shown walking with the knife like I was going to stab her. There wasn't anybody in the shower at the time, but he wanted it to be really real, so he'd have you do the smallest things over and over."

The dazzling white tiles, gleaming fixtures and opaque shower curtain that Hitchcock ordained made Epper's face—painstakingly backlit to conceal her identity—plainly visible. It was necessary to reshoot Mother's entry and stabbing motions with Epper's face blackened.

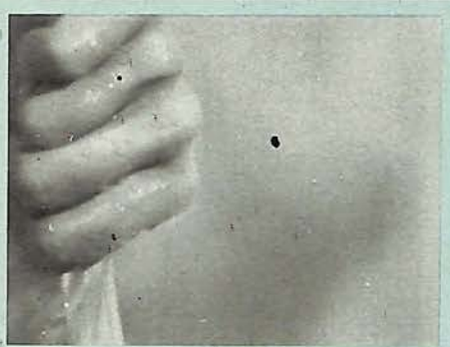
When the scene was finally completed, many in the crew were convinced that Hitchcock had gone too far. "People were saying, 'He'll never get away with this scene,' " costume supervisor Colvig recalls. "Frankly, we all thought he'd cut it to just show Mother coming into the bathroom, the knife raising, the blood, the girl falling and that's it."

Hitchcock himself "didn't know what he had," Bernard Herrmann, the late, renowned composer of movie scores, once said. "I remember sitting in a screening room after seeing the rough cut. Hitch was pacing back and forth, saying it was awful and that he was going to cut it down for his television show. He made *Psycho* with his own money, and he was afraid it was going to be a flop. [At first] he didn't even want any music in the shower scene. Can you imagine?"

For *Psycho*, Herrmann concocted a cello and violin masterwork that throbbed sonorously as often as it gnawed at the nerves. Hitchcock was so pleased with the "screaming violins" that heightened the terror of the shower sequence—and with the score in general—that he doubled Herrmann's fee, to $34,500.

Still, nobody connected with the film anticipated the impact the shower sequence was to have, simultaneously titillating and shocking, electrifying the audience without disgusting it.

"I could hear the audience screaming when we planned the scene," Hitchcock liked to say. Stefano says otherwise. "He didn't hear screaming. Laughing maybe, not screaming. We had no idea. We thought people would gasp or be silent, but screaming? Never." ■



©1960 UNIVERSAL PICTURES. SHAMLEY PRODUCTIONS (16)

# Directed By Alfred Hitchcock

KOBAL COLLECTION

North By Northwest *(1959) with Cary Grant*

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

The Birds *(1963) with Tippi Hedren, Rod Taylor and Jessica Tandy*

PHOTOFEST

Marnie *(1964) with Sean Connery and Tippi Hedren*

Frenzy *(1972)*

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

***Continued from page 77***

scald audiences, says Janet Leigh, whose character meets her grisly fate in the shower. "Thousands, millions of people have told me they can't take showers anymore . . . . Hitchcock allowed the viewer to use his imagination, which is obviously much more powerful than anything you can show graphically."

After *Psycho* his pace slowed, and he released only six more films, with mixed results. *The Birds* was hailed for its technical achievements, and in Tippi Hedren it introduced the latest in Hitchcock's long line of "cool" blondes—including Madeleine Carroll, Vera Miles, Grace Kelly and Kim Novak. Hedren would also be cast in the less successful *Marnie* after Hitch failed to convince Grace Kelly to return to the screen in the title role.

"The conventional big-bosomed blonde is not mysterious," he once told an interviewer. "The perfect 'woman of mystery' is one who is blonde, subtle and Nordic." Another time he observed, "The English woman or the North German or the Swedish can look like a schoolmarm, but, boy, when they get going, these women are quite astonishing."

Sometimes, apparently, the coolness could be carried too far. Robert Cummings remembers that, during the shooting of *Dial M for Murder* with Grace Kelly, "Hitchcock called me over and said, 'I just saw the dailies from the first scenes, and she comes off so cold, she's like an ivory statue. You're doing all right, Bob, but if we could just build a fire under her so she looks interested.' "

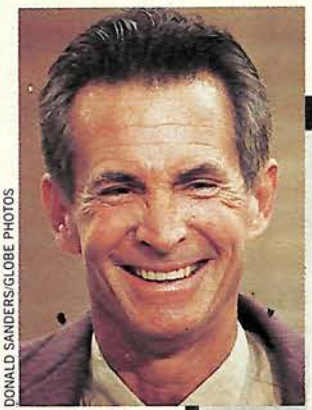
Hitchcock's interest in cool types certainly went beyond the professional. For much of his life he told a tale, apparently based on nothing more than fantasy, about Ingrid Bergman refusing to leave his bedroom until he made love to her. And during the making of *Marnie*, his romantic preoccupation with Hedren was, for many, painfully obvious; it even led to a proposition, which Hedren turned down.

"He was telling me what to eat, what to drink, who to see, who not to see," Hedren says today. "It was a very painful situation to be in, to be the object of someone's obsession. He was obviously a very, very unhappy man. He was frustrated to have been housed in that body. I think, in his mind, he thought of himself as being as handsome as Cary Grant."

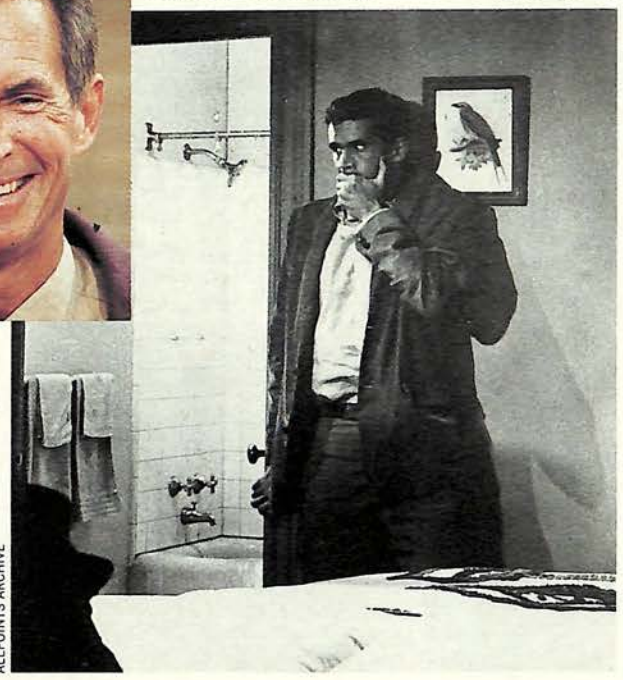
Hitch closed out the decade with *Torn Curtain* (1966) and *Topaz* (1969). His next film, *Frenzy* (1972), marked a return to the subject of *The Lodger*—a London sex-murderer—but now the tale could be told much more explicitly than in 1926. The playful *Family Plot* followed in 1976.

After *Family Plot*, Hitchcock began work on a spy film, to be titled *The Short Night*. But poor health—exacerbated by a lifetime of excessive eating and drinking—forced him to retire, in May 1979. Later that year he received a Lifetime Achievement Award from the American Film Institute ("Hitch is a gentleman farmer who raises gooseflesh," Ingrid Bergman said at the presentation). He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in January 1980. Three months later, on April 29, 1980, he died at home at the age of 80. His wife, daughter and three grandchildren were at his side.

Hitch, ever in control, gave his own best epitaph: "I aim to provide the public with beneficial shocks," he said shortly after World War II. "Civilization has become so protective that we're no longer able to get our goosebumps instinctively. The only way to remove the numbness and revive our moral equilibrium is to use artificial means to bring about the shock. The best way to achieve that, it seems to me, is through a movie." ■



DONALD SANDERS/GLOBE PHOTOS



ALLPOINTS ARCHIVE

***Below: Tony Perkins in* Psycho. *Left: The actor today.***

*"I don't take showers," says Janet Leigh today, returning to the mise en scène of the crime. "I don't like being closed in, I truly don't."*

# CAPRI

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

# JUNE AND JULY 1965

## 25 YEARS AGO

### TAKING OFFENSE

**June 5** The State Department concedes for the first time that U.S. troops in Vietnam are engaged in combat. Until today, the Department had maintained that the U.S. military role was purely "defensive and advisory." In fact, American forces have been conducting aggressive maneuvers against the Vietcong since March of this year.

CHARLES BONNAY/BLACK STAR

**Update** Public approval for American efforts in Vietnam nosedived from 61 percent in 1965 to less than 35 percent by the time a truce agreement was signed in January 1973. Many of the war's supporters blamed journalists for the erosion of national resolve, which they said sabotaged morale and made victory impossible. But in 1988 an Army study, "The Military and the Media, 1962-1968," found, as *Newsweek* reported, that President Lyndon B. Johnson's "ill-conceived war strategy [and] overly optimistic official statements" were more responsible for public discontent than divisive press reports.

DAVID GAHR

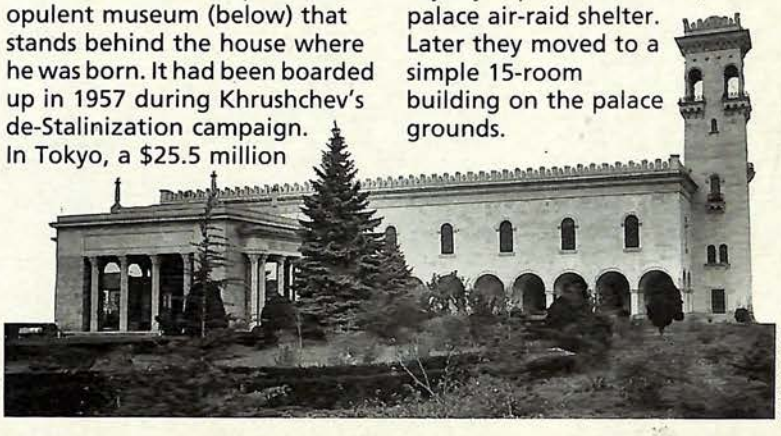
### HARD FOLK TO PLEASE

**July 25** Bob Dylan is booed by crowds at the Newport Folk Festival for backing his folk tunes with an electric rock band. Zealous fans are outraged that Dylan could abandon the purity of his acoustic antiwar ballads like "Blowin' in the Wind" and "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall"; they feel that by going electric, he has betrayed the protest movement. Dylan insists that his conversion to rock is not ideological. His new material, he says, just demands a new sound.

**Update** Shortly after the Newport concert, Dylan's marriage of folk lyrics and the plug-in guitar became wildly popular. His folk-rock singles sold millions of copies and put him on the charts in Britain and the States. Dylan kept experimenting—with blues, country and rockabilly. In 1982, concertgoers in San Francisco booed him once again, this time for singing gospel. *Oh Mercy*, Dylan's latest album, on which he explores his full range, from gospel to rock-driven instrumental to protest folk, is his most successful in years.

### RESTORATIONS

**June** Japan and the Soviet Union are renovating the home sites of fallen leaders. In the town of Gori in the Soviet Republic of Georgia, citizens have been given permission to repair and reopen a shrine to the late Joseph Stalin, an opulent museum (below) that stands behind the house where he was born. It had been boarded up in 1957 during Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign. In Tokyo, a $25.5 million compound of ceremonial halls and elegant living quarters is being constructed for Emperor Hirohito and his family. After U.S. bombers destroyed the imperial mansion in May 1945, Japan's royalty kept house, at first, in the palace air-raid shelter. Later they moved to a simple 15-room building on the palace grounds.



NYT PICTURES

### Miscellany

**June 1** Pact to ban movies on all international flights is voted down by Civil Aeronautics Board . . . **June 3** Astronaut Edward White takes stroll in deep space. With aid of oxygen cable, he bobs outside Gemini 4 spacecraft for 20 minutes . . . **June 9** Frenchman Michel Jazy runs mile in 3 minutes 53.6 seconds, shaving half-second off world record . . . **July 8** Ten people are arrested for lying down in busy intersection in downtown Chicago to protest racial segregation in city's schools. Demonstration is 25th in 29 days . . . **July 30** LBJ signs Medicare bill into law in presence of 81-year-old Harry Truman, the first to propose Federal health insurance.

### Court Shorts

**June 23** Connecticut judge banishes 20-year-old traffic violator from courtroom until he gets haircut and tucks his shirttails in . . . **June 23** Los Angeles jury awards $1.5 million in punitive damages to man who claims he received bad service and rude treatment from Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company . . . **July 28** Abe Fortas is named to seat on Supreme Court bench, replacing Arthur Goldberg, now Ambassador to U.N.

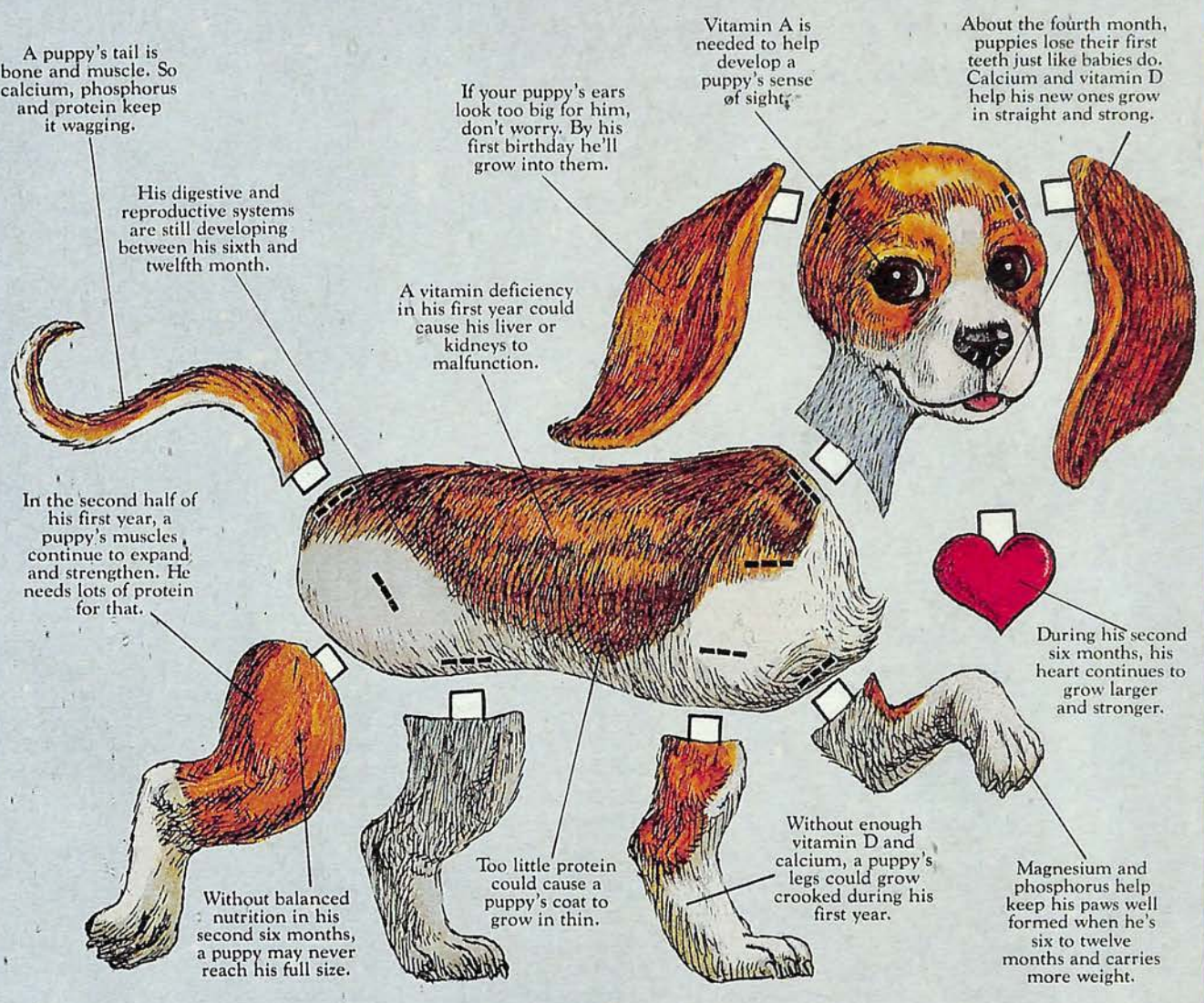
### Big Hits

**On the Runway:** Inspired by the art of Piet Mondrian, Yves St. Laurent makes splash with dresses checkered in bold yellows and reds . . . **In the Bookstores** James Michener's *The Source* tops best-seller list . . . **At the Movies:** *What's New, Pussycat?* stars two talented Peters: Sellers and O'Toole.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

15 Years Ago (105 in Dog Years)

# IT TAKES A PUPPY A FULL YEAR TO PUT HIMSELF TOGETHER.


A puppy's tail is bone and muscle. So calcium, phosphorus and protein keep it wagging.
His digestive and reproductive systems are still developing between his sixth and twelfth month.
If your puppy's ears look too big for him, don't worry. By his first birthday he'll grow into them.
Vitamin A is needed to help develop a puppy's sense of sight.
About the fourth month, puppies lose their first teeth just like babies do. Calcium and vitamin D help his new ones grow in straight and strong.
A vitamin deficiency in his first year could cause his liver or kidneys to malfunction.
In the second half of his first year, a puppy's muscles continue to expand and strengthen. He needs lots of protein for that.
During his second six months, his heart continues to grow larger and stronger.
Without balanced nutrition in his second six months, a puppy may never reach his full size.
Too little protein could cause a puppy's coat to grow in thin.
Without enough vitamin D and calcium, a puppy's legs could grow crooked during his first year.
Magnesium and phosphorus help keep his paws well formed when he's six to twelve months and carries more weight.

It's easy to see how a puppy's outside grows.

But it's the part you don't see that can fool you.

Because even after four or five months, when a puppy starts to look full grown on the outside, his insides are still catching up.

So a puppy's need for extra nutrition lasts long after he looks full grown. In fact, he needs extra amounts of specific nutrients until all his inner organs, bones and muscles have completely matured. And that takes about a year.

For example, a puppy needs extra amounts of the right kind of protein while his insides are still growing. Without it, his body might not form enough of the red blood cells that carry oxygen and nutrients to his whole body.

The ends of his bones might seal off too early, before he's reached his full size. Or his reproductive and digestive systems could fail to develop completely.

Not just any kind of protein is good enough, however, to insure this vital internal growth.

Through research we've been able to determine the right combination of protein ingredients that a puppy needs.

So the proteins in Purina® Puppy Chow® puppy food—like all the ingredients—are carefully selected.

That's why Puppy Chow contains the just-right balance of all the vitamins and minerals a growing puppy needs.

So, for your pet's health, see your veterinarian regularly. And give your puppy all the nutrition he needs to put himself together—inside and outside.

For a full year.

**FOR A FULL YEAR TILL HE'S FULL GROWN.**

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# Without Extra Nutrition Now, Your Puppy Could Face A Tough Climb Ahead.

Since your puppy only has a year or two to grow from a newborn into an adult, every day is crucial. In fact, growing puppies need nearly twice the nutrition of adult dogs.

That's why Purina® Puppy Chow® brand puppy food has extra protein, iron and calories. Because without extra nutrition now, your puppy could face a tough climb ahead.

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*Was the eloquent "egghead" from Illinois who lost two races for the White House just a victim of history?*

**By Gary Paul Gates**

# THE WOULD-BE PRESIDENT

CORNELL CAPA/MAGNUM PHOTOS

*Campaigning at the Boston airport during the 1956 Presidential race (above) and fence-straddling near home in 1960: "The trouble with me is that I always run on the wrong continent."*

It was perhaps appropriate that when the end came—from a sudden heart attack during a late-afternoon stroll on July 14, 1965—Adlai Stevenson was in London. For throughout much of his career, the two-time Presidential candidate and U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations was a more esteemed figure in Europe (and especially in Britain) than he was in his native land. "Through all the placid confidence of the Eisenhower era," eulogized *The Times* of London, "he reminded the world that there was another America—sensitive, self-critical, thoughtful and visionary. At home he kept the light of intellect burning through a period when it was not fashionable to think."

"The trouble with me," Stevenson once observed, "is that I always run on the wrong continent."

The real trouble with Stevenson was that he was a victim of history. Twice he was called upon to lead a desperate Democratic Party into battle against the hero of World War II, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. "It was my father's special fate," says Stevenson's eldest son, Adlai III, "to run for President against a man who could not be defeated, to compete in races that were impossible to win."

It was a fate he tried to avoid. In the early weeks of 1952 Stevenson was completing a first term as Governor of Illinois and planning to run for re-election. But as Governor, his progressive policies and high-toned leadership had caught the eye of party bosses and the man in the White House, and when Harry Truman decided not to run again he summoned Stevenson to a private meeting and urged him to declare his candidacy for President. Stevenson declined. He told Truman he intended to honor his commitment to seek a second term as Governor; moreover, he said, he had no burning ambition to be President

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GARY PAUL GATES's *most recent book (written with Bob Schieffer) is* The Acting President, *about Ronald Reagan's years in the White House.*

# Common Ground

**By Joseph N. Bell**

When Adlai Stevenson's political star was rising in the nation, residents of Libertyville, Ill., his adopted hometown, felt the most prudent course was to look the other way. Stevenson was something of an embarrassment to the townsfolk, whose political banner had long been carried by the Republican Party. In fact, Libertyville, a somnolent village of 7,000 dairy farmers, gentleman farmers and Chicago commuters, was the political center of a county that hadn't elected a Democrat since the Civil War.

As the Democratic nominee for Governor of Illinois in 1948, Stevenson had had to pay his own way into the Lake County Fair near Libertyville and had sat, mutely, while his Republican opponent, Gov. Dwight Green, got the full VIP treatment and gave a rousing speech.

After Stevenson ran for President in 1952 and downtown merchants hoisted a banner reading "Welcome to Libertyville, the home of Adlai," the mayor promptly ordered it removed.

Thus did matters rest when, in the summer of 1954, Libertyville's new high school neared completion and the staunchly Republican school board met to plan a dedication ceremony and select a speaker. One member, research scientist Allan Bates, suggested Stevenson, arguing, "He won't accept, and at least we won't look completely ridiculous to outsiders. After he turns us down, we can invite whomever we want." Most board members felt inviting Stevenson would be a waste of time. As one put it, "He wouldn't *dare* make a public appearance in Libertyville."

Finally, the board agreed at least to ask, and Bates mailed an invitation to Stevenson at his law office in Chicago. His reply was remarkably prompt. He would be delighted to make the speech.

In the weeks that followed, as rumors of a boycott of the dedication were heard, Bates devised a program in which most of the school's 700 students would take part, thus insuring a large turnout of parents. Shortly before the ceremony, Bates arranged a reception at his home to introduce Stevenson to the board.

CORNELL CAPA/MAGNUM PHOTOS

*Stevenson chose to cast his 1956 vote in his Republican hometown, Libertyville, Ill.*

The guests were seated in a self-conscious semicircle when Stevenson and his middle son, Borden, arrived. With no sense of discomfort, Stevenson went from member to member, shaking hands and exchanging pleasantries. He then sat in a straight-backed chair in the middle of the group—much like a new minister being sized up by a congregation that didn't want to see the old one leave—and made impeccable small talk.

As he rose to go on to the ceremonies, he paused and said, "It's been good to meet my neighbors after all these years."

Still, most of the school board members—and a great many people in the audience at the school as well—were apprehensive about what Stevenson might say. They felt he might use the opportunity to make a political speech.

"I shall talk with brief but tiresome solemnity," Stevenson began, disarmingly. Then, for perhaps half an hour, he spoke of education and its importance, his talk untainted by the merest hint of politics.

"It wasn't very long ago that only the rich could send their children to school," he noted. "To understand the blessings of our schools, we need only travel to vast areas of the world where illiteracy is as high as 90 percent. In this country, the doors of opportunity are always open, as contrasted with the process of frustration in other parts of the world where the caste system operates in education, too. . . . I hope this is never true in Libertyville, Ill. Plows may cut the prairie sod, but only schools will cultivate it."

Near the end, Stevenson looked earnestly and silently at his audience. Then he said, almost wistfully, "I hope we get to know each other better," and sat down.

There was dead silence for a few seconds; then applause began in a ripple that grew into a thunderous standing ovation. For several minutes Stevenson's neighbors saw him not as the symbol of a political party they disliked but rather as a concerned local citizen and father. Stevenson was ushered down the long central aisle of the gym to the accompaniment of a continuous tide of applause. It was a modest victory, but one that Stevenson cherished.

He may have had a sense of that victory when he chose to cast his Presidential ballot in Libertyville's county schoolhouse two years later, in 1956. He looked tired and drawn, and when he came out of the polling booth he stopped to chat with a group of schoolchildren. "Would all of you who would like to be a candidate for President of the United States raise your hands," he said. He surveyed the near-unanimous result. "Now," he added, "would all the candidates for President who would like to be children raise *their* hands." And he raised his hand high. ■

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JOSEPH N. BELL *writes a twice-weekly column of political and social commentary for the* Los Angeles Times.

and wasn't at all sure he was equipped for the job.

Truman was incredulous. What kind of a politician would refuse such an opportunity? At that moment Truman began to suspect that there was something soft about Stevenson, and he would later turn against him, claiming that Stevenson was too "indecisive" to lead the nation. It was a label that would stick.

But at the time of their meeting in 1952, Truman believed that Stevenson, for all his demurrals, was the best candidate, and he quietly passed the word to other party leaders, who promptly launched a campaign to draft Stevenson. The Governor did not exactly encourage this effort, but with hair-splitting finesse he took the position that it was one thing to decline to become an active candidate and quite another to reject a draft.

By the time the Democratic convention opened in Chicago that summer, the Stevenson boom was in full force. After a couple of pro forma roll calls to give regional candidates and favorite sons their moments of glory, he was nominated on the third ballot, the last man to feel the sweet breezes of a Presidential draft.

The 1952 conventions were the first to be televised from coast to coast, and many viewers encountered Stevenson for the first time. "The ordeal of the 20th century—the bloodiest, most turbulent era of the Christian age—is far from over," he said in his acceptance speech. "Sacrifice, patience, understanding and implacable purpose may be our lot for years to come. Let's face it. Let's talk sense to the American people. Let's tell them the truth. . . . Better we lose the election than mislead the people, and better we lose the election than misgovern the people." In its tone and message, that speech—and others that followed in the fall campaign—inspired a whole generation. Nine years later John F. Kennedy would sound a similar call to sacrifice in his inaugural address.

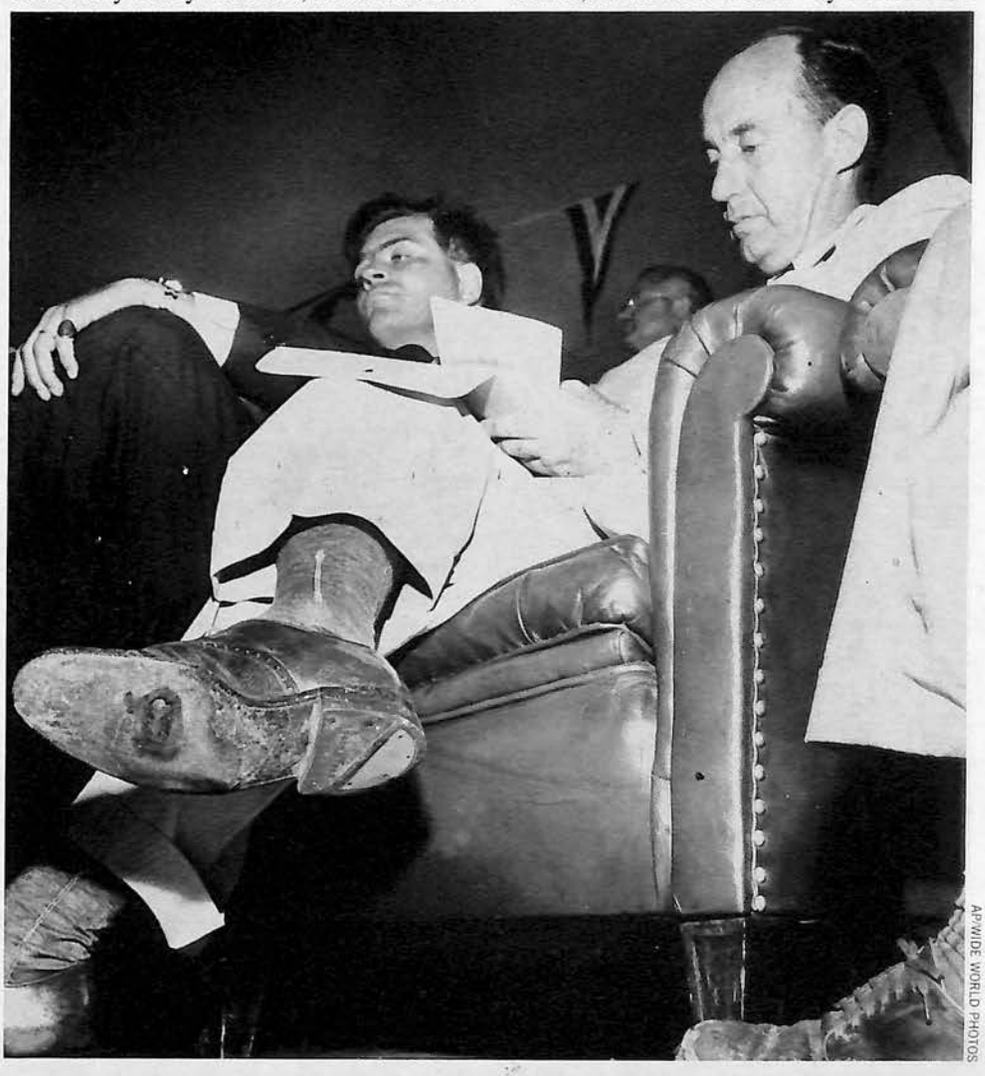
In addition to eloquence, Stevenson brought an appealing gaiety to his quixotic campaign against Eisenhower. Sensing perhaps that he had little chance of winning, he decided to play it loose. Responding to Eisenhower's promise to retain many existing Democratic programs, Stevenson remarked that he, too, would be proud to stand on his party's record "if only . . . the general would move over and make room for me." He said he understood why Ike seemed so eager to edge away from the slippery contradictions of the Republican platform. After all, Stevenson chided, "nobody can stand on a bushel of eels." His bald pate and intellectual manner led a critic to dub him an "egghead," and Stevenson's response was a deft paraphrase of Karl Marx: "Eggheads of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your yolks!"

But in the end, Stevenson's wit and eloquence were no match for Eisenhower and his enormous popularity. Indeed, they may even have worked against him, distancing him from the mainstream. The majority of Americans truly did like Ike, and he won in a landslide, carrying 39 states with 442 electoral votes. Still, Stevenson's defeat was hardly inglorious. He polled more votes than any other losing Presidential candidate ever; more, indeed, than any *winning* candidate except Eisenhower, and FDR in 1936. In his concession speech he cited Lincoln's response to losing an election: "He was too old to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh."

There was nothing inevitable about his candidacy four years later, and Stevenson himself gave serious consideration to sitting out the 1956 election so that he would be fresh to run against Richard Nixon, the incumbent Vice President, whom he could not abide. What brought him into the '56 race was the massive heart attack Eisenhower suffered in the fall of 1955. Now, suddenly, there was the very real prospect that Ike would be too ill to run again or, if he did, that voters would be too worried about his health to elect him.

This time—once Stevenson made the decision to run—there was no shilly-shallying. To get the nomination, he had to wage a bruising battle through the primaries against Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver as well as fight off the more subtle candidacy of Averell Harriman, then Governor of New York, who had inherited the support of Truman and the Democratic Party bosses. Stevenson pursued the prize with a zest that surprised even his closest aides, who until then had not fully realized that their man could slug it out with the best of them. Stevenson came to the 1956 convention at full throttle and was nominated on the first ballot.

In his second campaign against Eisenhower, Stevenson traded wry rhetoric for



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

***Stevenson bared his sole during the 1952 campaign. The photo, by Bill Gallagher, won a Pulitzer and helped humanize the candidate.***

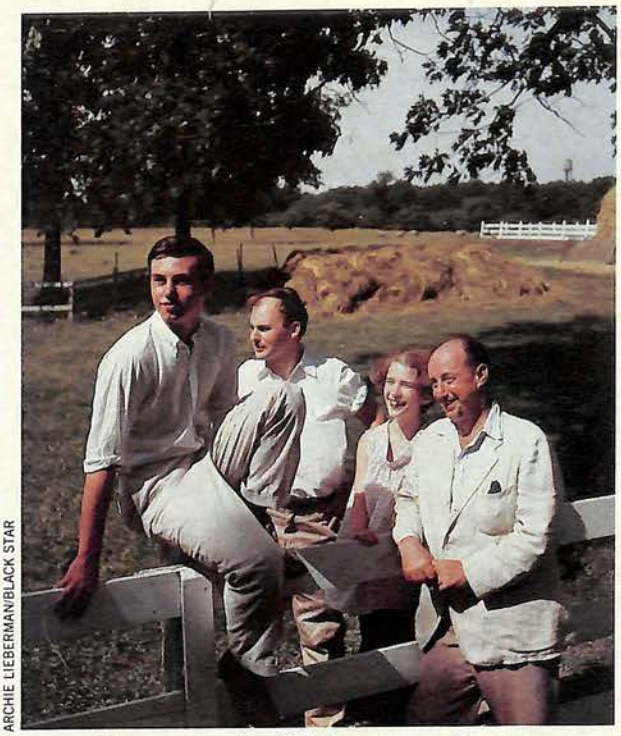
a series of aggressive and hard-hitting speeches that focused sharply on the issues. In domestic policy he offered an ambitious agenda of programs—such as forerunners to the Peace Corps and Medicare—that would later form the bedrock of Kennedy's New Frontier and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. (Newton Minow, a Stevenson aide who was also close to Kennedy, says today that Stevenson's influence on JFK was "very considerable, far more profound than most people realize." He credits Stevenson with setting an example that "brought Kennedy's more idealistic impulses to the surface.") On international issues Stevenson proposed a ban on all nuclear testing, denounced the unrealistic position of ignoring Red China and—riskiest of all—called for an end to the military draft.

Stevenson would live to see the Kennedy Administration negotiate a test ban treaty and, had he lived a few years longer, would have enjoyed the irony of Nixon's overtures to China and his ending of the draft. But in 1956 those were unpopular stands, and Stevenson paid dearly for espousing them. This time Eisenhower won by an even greater landslide, carrying 41 states with 457 electoral votes.

Four years earlier, following the 1952 defeat, journalist Alistair Cooke had visited Stevenson at the governor's mansion in Springfield, Ill. Cooke admired Stevenson, and while they were discussing the recent campaign the Governor suddenly flashed a sly grin and said, "Who did I think I was, running against George Washington?" In 1956, after the second defeat, Cooke sent Stevenson a telegram: "How now?" Stevenson answered: "Who did I think I was, running against George Washington *twice*?"

Twice indeed. To many, Stevenson had become damaged goods, and, as 1960 approached, other figures within the party were fighting for his mantle. At the same time, there were plenty of die-hard Stevensonians who believed their man deserved yet another shot, especially now that he would be free at last to run against a vincible foe. "Let us never forget that if a light still rises above this dreary land," wrote columnist Murray Kempton, "it is because for so long and so lonely a time this man held it up."

Yet as the battle lines for 1960 began to form, Stevenson again appeared tentative. Again his supporters implored him to become an active candidate, and again he declined to answer the call. Nor would he deign to endorse any of the declared Democratic candidates, not even after John Kennedy swept through the primaries and emerged as the clear front-runner. This lofty, above-the-battle posture satisfied no one. Stevenson's faithful followers were dismayed, and the Kennedys were exasperated.



ARCHIE LIEBERMAN/BLACK STAR

***Stevenson and wife Ellen—here with sons Borden and Adlai III in 1956—split in 1949.***

Kennedy arranged a visit with Stevenson, during which he clearly implied (without actually promising) that if Stevenson pledged his support *before* the convention, he would be Kennedy's choice for Secretary of State, an office Stevenson coveted. Still he held back, perhaps in the vain hope that history might repeat the 1952 draft scenario. He told Arthur Schlesinger, a friend who had himself gone over to Kennedy, that if he suddenly abandoned his position of neutrality, "everybody would say, 'There's the deal we told you about.' It would look as if I were angling for a job. I can't do that sort of thing."

By the time the Democrats assembled in Los Angeles, Kennedy had mobilized all the forces he needed. In contrast, the Stevenson troops, with no general to lead them, were dispirited. They quickly collapsed, and Kennedy was nominated on the first ballot.

What followed was a striking illustration of how politically naïve Stevenson could be. In the aftermath of the '60 convention he still entertained the notion that Kennedy would appoint him Secretary of State. "After all," he asked a friend, "if the young man thought I was fit for the job last spring, why am I not fit for it now?" His friends and associates had to disabuse him. They pointed out that the Kennedys bore grudges and played the game of politics with an almost tribal ruthlessness. Their tactics were governed by a kind of family motto: "Don't get mad, get even."

When Stevenson finally realized that he would be punished for refusing to play ball, he exploded: "And to think I've known this *kid* for 20 years!"

As a loyal party man, Stevenson campaigned for the Kennedy–Johnson ticket with the erudition of old. Introducing Kennedy at a rally in California, he said, with perceptive aptness, "Do you remember that in classical times when Cicero had finished speaking, the people said, 'How well he spoke!' But when Demosthenes had finished speaking, the people said, 'Let us march!' "

But after Kennedy's election the State Department post went to Dean Rusk. Stevenson had to settle for the window-dressing post of Ambassador to the U.N., a job that cast him in the role of spokesman and salesman for policies initiated by others. No matter how one tried to justify it, it was a comedown.

Not that there were not a few modest achievements, such as improved relations with envoys from third world countries, most of whom had been neglected during the Eisenhower years. But there also were times when the Kennedy White House used Stevenson as a front man to conceal or gloss over misguided policies.

In the early stages of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, for example, Stevenson was assured by the White House and the C.I.A. that U.S. forces did not participate directly in the invasion; it was all the work of Cuban refugees. Taking that assurance on faith, he forcefully denied Cuban charges of U.S. involvement in a debate at the United Nations. When it became evident, however, that Stevenson had been deceived and set up to defend a position that simply was not true, he was devastated. His self-esteem plunged even further when he later heard that JFK referred to him as "my official liar."

Some of his friends were so outraged

that they urged him to resign. But while many believed that he was too high-minded and diffident for the roughhouse game of politics, the deeper truth is that he loved the public arena. Having been forced to cool his heels on the sidelines for eight years, Stevenson was determined to remain in government, no matter how subordinate or humiliating his role might be.

His relations with the White House improved after the Bay of Pigs. On those occasions when he was invited to Washington, Kennedy and other officials listened politely to his views and arguments. But it was painfully obvious to him that he was not a member of JFK's inner circle.

In New York, the Ambassador—divorced since 1949—became a voracious man-about-town. Scarcely an evening went by that he wasn't dressing for dinner, either as a gracious host or a cheerful guest, who often popped in on three or four parties a night. Dag Hammarskjöld, who was then the U.N. Secretary-General, was once asked what he thought of Stevenson. Grimly he replied, "That man will be ruined by the dowagers."

By 1965, professional frustration—Stevenson had opposed direct U.S. intervention in Vietnam—was taking its toll. When, in the spring of '65, Lyndon Johnson escalated Kennedy's initiative into a full-scale American war, Stevenson told friends he planned to resign his post in early 1966, at the end of the next session of the General Assembly. To lessen the anguish he felt, he noted that he was now 65, the customary age for retirement.

In July, Stevenson flew to Europe on U.N. business. The last decision he ever made was a casual one: to go for a little walk on the streets of London. ■

# *Like Father*

"I was born with an incurable hereditary case of public service," Adlai Stevenson III once said. "It was always a question of when and where, never if. . . ." Stevenson, a lawyer, was 33 (in 1964) when he followed his father into Illinois politics, winning a seat in the state House of Representatives.

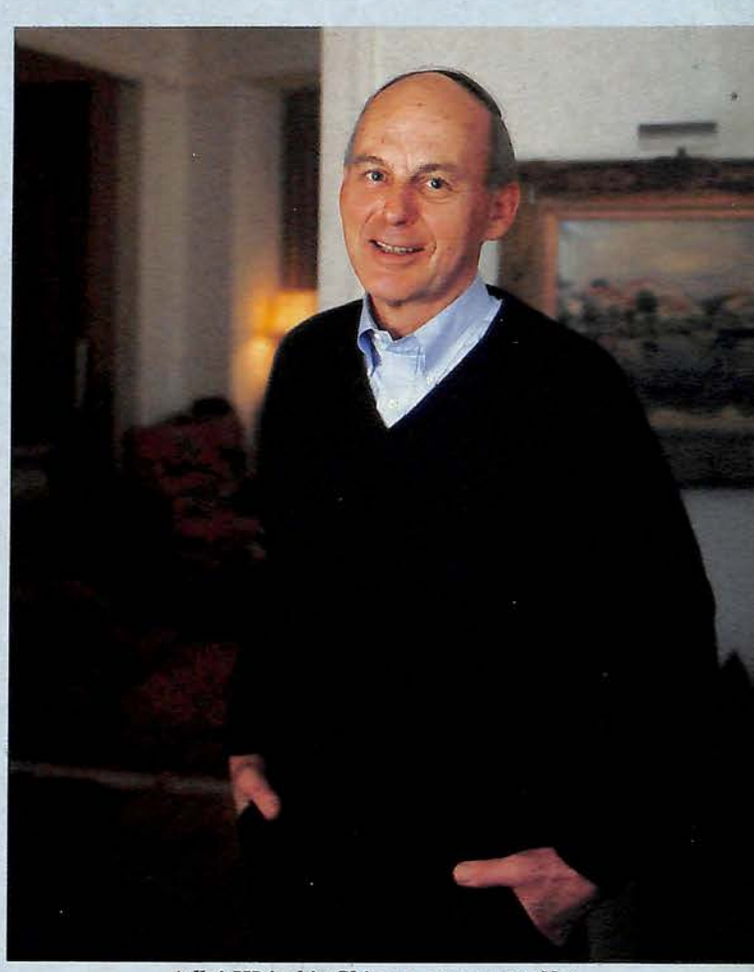
When Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen died in office in 1970, Stevenson won a special election for his seat. He was re-elected in 1974. He was talked about as a Democratic Vice Presidential nominee in 1976, and rose to the post of chairman of the Senate Ethics Committee in April 1977. But in 1980, saying it was difficult to accomplish much in the Senate, he chose not to run for re-election.

Stevenson ran for Governor two years later but lost by 5,074 votes, the narrowest margin in Illinois history. In 1986 he won the gubernatorial primary, but his running mate was defeated by a protégé of the controversial Lyndon LaRouche. Bound by Illinois law to run with the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor, whom Stevenson labeled a "neo-Nazi," he renounced his party's nomination and re-entered the race as a third-party candidate. Stevenson tried to focus the campaign on the incumbent James R. Thompson, who then led in the polls by some 20 points, but he lost the support of a key constituency—auto workers—when he admitted he drove a Toyota. He lost more support when he chose to skip the Chicago St. Patrick's Day parade—a traditional showcase for Illinois politicians. He missed more key campaign appearances after he fell off a horse at his northwestern Illinois farm and had to be hospitalized briefly with a fractured vertebra. "There are times I have yearned for the peace and tranquility I knew as a Marine tank commander [in Japan and Korea]," Stevenson lamented. He lost the election by a two-to-one margin.

Today, at 59, Stevenson has no plans to seek public office. He is counsel in international trade and finance to the same Chicago law firm where he began his career more than 30 years ago. He has business interests in East Asia and in his farm in Hanover, Ill., about 150 miles west of Chicago. He and his wife of 35 years, Nancy, have four grown children. His brother Borden, 58, is a New York City businessman, and his brother John Fell, 54, is a rancher and businessman in Idaho. Their mother, Ellen Borden, never remarried after her divorce and died in 1972.

Stevenson says that he sometimes entertains himself with thoughts of how his father would fare in today's political arena. "Here was a man who had trouble keeping a speech down to a mere 30 minutes," he says. "Can you imagine him trying to cope with the television lunacy of 30-second jingles, or sound bites I guess they call them? When I think of it, I don't know whether to laugh or to weep."

His father, he says, would have been appalled by the negative campaigning of the last Presidential race. "You know, he truly did believe that politics was a noble cause. I remember him saying that the great challenge in our political system is 'how to win public office without being unworthy of it.' That obviously was not a problem that bothered most of those who have been running for high office in recent years." ■



***Adlai III in his Chicago apartment: Not knowing whether to laugh or weep.***

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY CURT RICHTER

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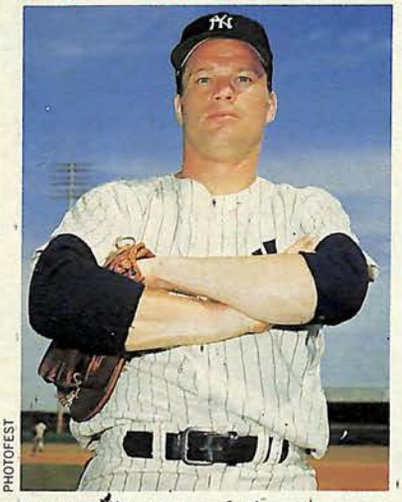
JUNE AND JULY

# 1970

## 20 YEARS AGO

### PITCH AND TELL



PHOTOFEST

**June 15** "Fans are fed a constant stream of bull about these clean-cut, all-American guys," says Houston Astros pitcher Jim Bouton, whose book, *Ball Four*, was published this week. "Let kids start thinking about some real heroes instead of some phony heroes." *Ball Four*, a diary of Bouton's 1969 season, is what he calls "an honest book about what baseball is really like." Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn holds a different opinion, calling it "a horrible piece of writing." Most of Bouton's teammates agree. Bouton writes that they popped pep pills, kissed each other on the team bus and entertained themselves by looking up women's skirts.
**Update** Bouton retired from professional baseball in 1970 to work as a TV sports commentator. After a brief comeback with the Atlanta Braves in 1978, he started a business selling personalized baseball cards and bubble gum packaged to resemble chewing tobacco. He wrote a sequel to *Ball Four* (*Ball Four Plus Ball Five*) and is currently at work on a third book, about business. At 51, he also pitches for a semipro team in northern New Jersey.

### FACTS ON FILE

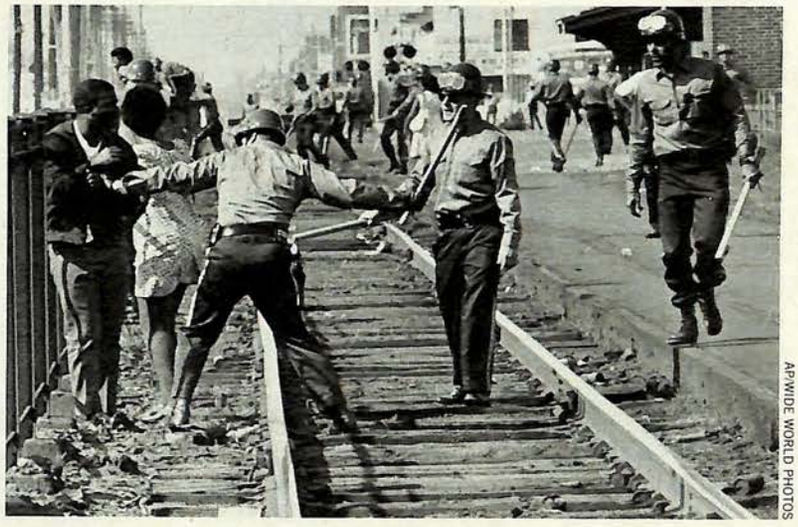
**June 27** Responding to the mounting violence in political and civil protests, the Federal Government has started to keep computerized files on thousands of "suspect" Americans. Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. of North Carolina calls the very existence of such files "a form of psychological coercion to keep silent and to refrain from acting."
**Update** When librarians revealed that agents from the I.R.S.'s Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division had visited libraries in the Milwaukee, Atlanta and San Francisco areas and demanded the names of people who had checked out books on bombs, critics accused the Government of

NYT PICTURES

going too far. Though an I.R.S. official dismissed the practice as "just a continual building of information," the agency soon discontinued the search, saying it was "impractical."

### ACROSS THE TRACKS

**July 4** A wave of riots hit the normally serene seaside resort of Asbury Park, N.J., today, touched off when youths from the West Side—a black ghetto opposite railroad tracks—began hurling rocks and bottles after a dance. Asbury Park, whose black residents make up about one-third of the community, joins Augusta, Ga., and Alexandria, Va., as smaller cities troubled by racial turbulence this year.
**Update** In the days that followed, rioters ignored curfews and smashed storefront windows, threw firebombs and looted West Side shops. When blacks entered the white business district on July 7, state and local police pushed back the mob with clubs and guns, leaving 46 with bullet wounds. In an effort to restore peace, black community leaders met with Mayor Joseph Mattice and demanded more jobs for black adults and teen-agers and better police protection in black neighborhoods. The riots left approximately 165 residents injured, 130 arrested and $4 million in property damage.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### Here and There

**June 2** Scientists at University of Wisconsin report first complete gene synthesis . . . **June 7** E.M. Forster, British novelist and author of *A Passage to India*, dies at 91 . . . **June 12** Sir Laurence Olivier is named life peer, the first actor in British history to be sent to House of Lords . . . **June 21** Pelé leads Brazil to victory in soccer's World Cup tournament . . . **June 22** President Nixon signs bill to lower voting age from 21 to 18 . . . **June 24** U.S. Senate votes to repeal 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution . . . **June 25** American Medical Association, for the first time, votes to allow doctors to perform abortions for non-medical reasons . . . **June 26** Bernadette Devlin, Irish civil rights leader, begins serving six-month sentence for violent behavior . . . **June 29** Last U.S. troops withdraw from Cambodia . . . **July 4** Aussies John Newcombe and Margaret Court win Wimbledon's tennis singles titles . . . **July 21** Egypt's Aswan Dam is completed after 10 years.

### Words and Music

The Beatles' "Long and Winding Road" and Three Dog Night's "Mama Told Me" are hits . . . *Catch-22*, film version of Joseph Heller's novel, stars Alan Arkin (below) . . . "Skinhead," "the blahs" and "no-no" appear in Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

# ROE v. WADE

## COFFEE

On June 17, 1970, a Federal court clerk in New Orleans dropped 13 printed pages into each of three wooden boxes, one for the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and one each for the Associated Press and United Press International. The A.P. story carried the next morning in the *Houston Post* began: ''A U.S. District Court ruled Wednesday that Texas abortion laws are unconstitutional because they infringe on the right of single women and married persons to choose whether to have children.'' But no reporter could know that the case, *Roe v. Wade*, would become among the most controversial and divisive in America's history.

''I'm still amazed at how often the things we do one step at a time become monumental,'' says attorney Sarah Weddington, who with Linda Coffee initiated the case. ''How could anyone have foreseen that our case would turn out to be *the* abortion case?''

Weddington and Coffee, who had gone to law school together at the University of Texas, made an unlikely pair. Weddington emanated poise. Soft-spoken and an intent listener, she seemed comfortable with all kinds of people, an ability she attributed to having been reared a minister's daughter. Coffee was shy in social situations but blossomed when she discussed the law, speaking with the authority of one who not only knew the rules but thoroughly understood how to use them. Of the five women in Coffee's class, only two—Coffee and one other—had been able to find jobs with law firms after graduation in the late 1960's.

Weddington was doing legal research in 1969 when an Austin women's group asked her to help them overturn the Texas abortion law. She jumped at the chance, not least because it was an opportunity to practice law. ''The only reason I had time to take *Roe*,'' she says today, savoring the irony, ''was because I didn't have a job with a law firm.'' She immediately contacted Coffee to see if she too might be interested in the case.

Groups aimed at overturning state abortion laws were forming all over the country. The Texas law, like most state abortion laws, had been passed in the mid-19th century, less for moral reasons than to drive midwives and other nonphysicians attending women out of business and to protect women from what was then considered a dangerous medical procedure. As abortion became safer (when performed by qualified medical personnel), many Americans began to question laws prohibiting it.

As a rule, state laws forbade abortion except to preserve a woman's life or physical health. A few states also permitted

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MARIAN FAUX *is the author of* Roe v. Wade: The Untold Story of the Landmark Supreme Court Decision That Made Abortion Legal. *Her book* Crusaders: Voices from the Abortion Front, *will be published in July.*



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY DANNY TURNER

# 20 YEARS AGO: STATE ABORTION LAW OVERTURNED BY COURT

*The Dallas decision marked a watershed in the hard-fought—and still divisive—war over abortion.*

**By Marian Faux**

**WEDDINGTON**

abortion in cases of rape or incest or when the woman's mental health was threatened. The Texas law allowed abortion only to save a woman's life.

Weddington and Coffee decided to challenge the constitutionality of the state law by suing Henry Wade, the District Attorney of Dallas County. To do so they needed an "injured party." In the past, doctors had been considered the parties injured by the abortion law; the two lawyers came up with the then novel idea of making a pregnant woman the plaintiff. Through friends and women's groups, they let it be known they were looking for such a person. Eventually, Coffee got a call about a woman who had tried to get an illegal abortion and then hadn't been able to go through with it. Would Coffee like to meet her?

In December 1969, after two conversations with Norma McCorvey, Coffee introduced her to Weddington at a Dallas pizza parlor. McCorvey, who was then 22 years old and three months pregnant, had been a ticket-seller with a traveling carnival when, she said, she was raped on a country road in Georgia after work one night, a story she would later admit she fabricated. Somehow, she said, she managed to get back to her motel the next morning, only to find that the carnival had left town without her. She had nowhere to go but Dallas, her hometown.

McCorvey already had a daughter from a teen-age marriage, who lived with McCorvey's mother. With no permanent address—she was staying with various friends—and no job, she didn't see how she could possibly take care of another child. Coffee and Weddington offered to help her get an abortion if she wanted one, but told her they needed a pregnant woman to challenge the Texas law.

McCorvey, who had decided to have the baby and put it up for adoption, said she could sympathize with other women suffering as she was; she readily agreed to become the "Jane Roe" of the lawsuit. Although she would not recant her story of being raped until long after the case was decided, the two lawyers decided to omit any mention of it in court papers. Not only were they aware that McCorvey had not reported any crime and that there were no witnesses to it, they wanted to establish a woman's right to an abortion without regard to the circumstances of conception.

After examining every conceivable legal ground, they based their suit on the First, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution. They asked for a judgment stating that the Texas abortion statutes were unconstitutional and for an injunction to prevent the District Attorney from prosecuting future abortion cases. The case was argued before a three-judge Federal court on May 23, 1970, in the fine old W.P.A. courthouse on Ervay Street in Dallas. (The decision was handed down, the following month, in New Orleans because that city is the seat of the Fifth Circuit.) It was Wed-

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

*The 1973 Supreme Court (clockwise from top left): Lewis Powell, Thurgood Marshall, Harry Blackmun, William Rehnquist, Byron White, William Brennan, Warren Burger, William O. Douglas and Potter Stewart. Only Rehnquist and White voted to uphold the Texas law.*

dington's first professional courtroom appearance as well as Coffee's biggest case to date. Several of those present in the ornate, wood-paneled courtroom thought the two women who hovered over the attorneys' tables were secretaries.

On June 17, 1970, shortly before Norma McCorvey gave birth to her baby, which was immediately adopted, the court ruled that the Texas abortion law was unconstitutional because it interfered with a woman's right to privacy. But it refused to issue the injunction barring Wade from prosecuting physicians who performed abortions. The story made the front pages of Texas newspapers but went virtually unremarked in the rest of the country.

Because the injunction had been denied, Weddington and Coffee were able to appeal directly to the U.S. Supreme Court, which to their surprise agreed, in May 1971, to hear the case. "We never thought the case would go to the Supreme Court," says Weddington. "We were just trying to add another case to the many abortion cases lawyers were bringing in courts all around the country."

Weddington called McCorvey to tell her the news. "God, the Supreme Court of the United States," said McCorvey. "All those people are so important. They don't have time to listen to some little old Texas girl who got in trouble." Weddington assured her they did.

But there were obstacles ahead. "The Dallas decision put big pressure on us," Virginia Whitehill, a Dallas activist, recalls. "The cost of printing all those briefs is thousands of dollars alone. Another problem was how to generate publicity to show that women supported a decision to legalize abortion." As offers of help from lawyers around the country poured in—including one they accepted from the James Madison Law Institute in New York—Coffee and Weddington discussed which of them would make the oral argument to the High Court. Coffee, worried that preparations would take too much time away from her corporate responsibilities, agreed that Weddington should take the lead. By the time the Supreme Court heard the case, Weddington, Coffee and a Dallas women's group had raised some $60,000 to pay for the case.

Although there had been little organized opposition to the legalizing of abortion in the 1960's, by 1970 the Catholic Church and other pro-life groups, as they now called themselves, were well organized. Public pressure to settle the issue had intensified. Thus the Supreme Court was packed on Dec. 13, 1971, as Weddington talked about the discrimination women suffered in jobs and education when unwanted pregnancies interrupted their lives. Asked to address the constitutional issues, she observed that she was reluctant to "aspire to a wisdom that the Court was not in agreement on." Finally, she mentioned that the suit had been brought on a "variety" of grounds.

"And anything else that might have been appropriate," quipped Justice Byron White.

Opposing counsel Jay Floyd, a Texas assistant attorney general, argued that abortion was a legislative issue, not a judicial one. Although he suggested that the state had an interest in protecting women's health, he allowed that its primary interest lay in protecting fetal life. Asked what recourse, then, a woman seeking an abortion in Texas had, Floyd answered, in effect, none—"no remedy is provided."

Meeting for its weekly conference, the Court was divided, though a clear a majority favored striking all or part of the state's abortion law. Justices William O. Douglas, Thurgood Marshall and William J. Brennan Jr. appeared ready to strike the law in its entirety. Justices Potter Stewart and Harry Blackmun, the Court's centrists, favored striking some but not all portions of the law. Chief Justice Warren Burger seemed inclined to uphold the law, though he indicated a concern about its ambiguities. Only White seemed adamant that no part of the law should be struck. Burger asked Blackmun, who was serving his first term on the Court, to write the majority opinion.

When Blackmun had not finished writing by late spring, the Chief Justice suggested that the case should be reargued during the next term, citing the fact that only seven justices had been present at the first oral argument, due to the deaths of Justices Hugo Black and John M. Harlan.

When the case was argued a second time, on Oct. 11, 1972, nine Justices—now including Nixon appointees Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist—were seated. Shortly after Weddington began to speak, she was interrupted by White. If the fetus had the legal rights of a person, he asked, would she lose her case? Weddington, citing a long history of state and common laws, said that historically the fetus had not been found to be a legal person.

Did the Texas statute, White asked, make any distinction between the first and the ninth months with regard to fetal life?

"Our statute does not," Weddington said. "Do you?" he pressed.

Weddington replied that the appellants were asking the Court to declare the statute unconstitutional, to find, in effect, that the state had no compelling interest whatsoever in regulating abortion.

Blackmun, raising a point of logic, then asked if there would be "any inconsistency" in the Supreme Court supporting a woman's right to have an abortion when it had struck down the death penalty, three months earlier. Weddington replied there was no inconsistency since the fetus was not considered a legal person within the meaning of the Constitution.

# The Real Jane Roe

**By Joseph N. Bell**

Norma McCorvey—better known as "Jane Roe"—sat across from me in a southern California restaurant. On this late winter day in 1990, she looked thinner, better groomed and more composed than the last time I had seen her, 17 years before. But after only a few minutes of talk, it was clear that the vulnerability was still there.

McCorvey showed me her wrists, bearing faint slash marks from a 1987 suicide attempt. "That's when I hit rock bottom," she said. "I filled myself up with booze and pills and cut my wrists."

The attempt was a watershed for McCorvey. Soon afterward, she admitted to newspaper columnist Carl Rowan that she had lied when she said her pregnancy was the result of a rape. In fact, it had come from a brief affair. The lie, on her conscience for almost two decades, had finally become intolerable.

Unknowingly, I had helped McCorvey embellish that lie when I interviewed her for *Good Housekeeping* in 1973. Though she'd outlined the rape story to her attorneys, she refined it as she described to me where the rape took place, the attacker's clothing, and the words he spoke. "Suddenly I turned around and saw this big old guy coming at me, and I was alone. He said, 'It's just you and me now.' . . . I knew what was gonna happen."

"Was any of it true?" I asked her now.

"No. The affair happened in Dallas before I took a job with the carnival. When I found out I was pregnant, I went back to Dallas to try and get an abortion. You know what happened after that."

McCorvey said she had lied because she thought she would stand a better chance of getting an abortion if she said she'd been raped. "For years after that," she went on, "every time I would tell the rape story, I'd be terribly depressed for several weeks afterward. I was brought up not to lie, and because of this story I had to lie all the time. The depression periods got deeper and longer until the night I cut my wrists."

For seven years after I first interviewed her, McCorvey and Connie Gonzales, her longtime companion, ran several small businesses—house cleaning, painting, carpentry—in complete anonymity. Then on impulse in 1980, McCorvey decided to reveal her identity and grant an interview to a Dallas TV reporter she admired.

Once her identity was known, McCorvey became a figure in the war between pro-life and pro-choice forces. Her hard-knocks story became the basis for an NBC television movie starring Holly Hunter that aired in May 1989. She has had baby clothes strewn in her yard, been called "baby-killer" and been spat upon in public. In the early morning hours of April 4, 1989, someone shotgunned McCorvey's car and fired a blast through the living-room window of her house. (The assailants have not been caught.) Although McCorvey wasn't hurt, she was badly frightened. Soon after, she left Dallas.

Last year she visited a friend in northern California, liked the area and stayed. With a new female companion she met near Santa Rosa, she relocated to southern California last February. In the last few months, she has begun to acknowledge openly that she is a lesbian.

This fact, along with McCorvey's image as a volatile, poorly educated former car-hop and carny worker, has apparently contributed to the discomfort of the pro-choice leadership in accepting her as a standard-bearer. When McCorvey appeared in Washington last year to take part in a pro-choice demonstration sponsored by the National Organization for Women (NOW), she says the NOW leadership rebuffed her. Her eyes narrow and her face reddens as she talks about "those NOW women who didn't think I was good enough to be on their platform."

McCorvey, suspicious of strangers, tends to see the world in terms of good guys and bad guys. But when I asked if she still feels exploited, she shook her head vehemently and said, "Not anymore."

She worries that the U.S. Supreme Court will overturn *Roe*. When the Court took a chip out of it last year, in the *Webster* decision, McCorvey joined a group applying "Roe" stickers over "Webster" street signs in San Francisco. She was arrested and is awaiting a hearing.

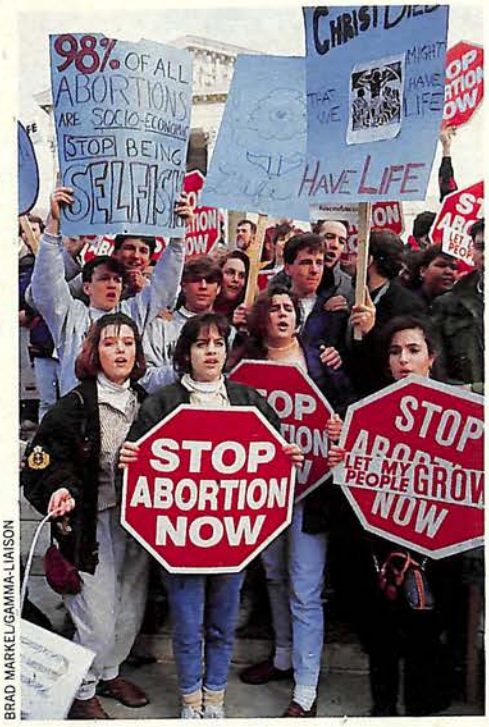
Now 43, McCorvey smokes a lot and talks in excited bursts. At her apartment, she proudly showed me a picture of her 3-year-old granddaughter and said her relations with her 24-year-old daughter and her mother are better than they used to be.

I asked her if she had ever tried to track down the "Roe" baby, who was born in June 1970 and given up for adoption at birth. Her jaw stiffened and she stared straight ahead as she nodded yes. When I asked if she had found the child, she didn't answer. Her eyes clouded over.

"You don't want to talk about this, do you?" I said. She shook her head firmly. ■

*McCorvey has been victim, champion and outcast.*

DONNA FERRATO/BLACK STAR



BRAD MARKEL/GAMMA-LIAISON

The opposing counsel, Robert Flowers, a Texas assistant attorney general, argued that the fetus was a legal person from the moment of conception. The Court, he said in closing, had no choice but to grant the status of personhood to fetuses. He said he thought abortion was murder.

On Jan. 22, 1973, in a seven-to-two ruling, the Supreme Court legalized abortion without restriction in the first three months of pregnancy. (The Court said that for the next six months of pregnancy, states may "regulate the abortion procedure in ways that are reasonably related to maternal health.") In the majority opinion, Blackmun noted that a right of privacy, developed by the Court in a long series of decisions and based in the Fourteenth and Ninth Amendments, was "broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate her pregnancy." White and Rehnquist dissented. White wrote that "the Court apparently values the convenience of the pregnant mother more than the continued existence and development of the life or potential life which she carries."

In the years since *Roe*, the abortion debate has only grown. Today, no domestic issue—not even the death penalty—is more fervently debated. The abortion question inspires more rhetoric, more controversy and more passion than any other, even within the same family. President George Bush has repeatedly stated his opposition to legalized abortion; First Lady Barbara Bush is believed to support a woman's right to choose, though she has not publicly expressed a view.

In July 1989, after rebuffing more than a dozen attempts to restrict abortion, the Supreme Court agreed to hear another abortion case. In *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*, it upheld a Missouri statute that restricted abortion by permitting the state to test for fetal viability. The significance of the case lies in the fact that five Justices were willing to revise *Roe*, however slightly. Justice Antonin Scalia went so far as to assert, in a concurring opinion, that he felt *Roe* should be overturned outright because abortion regulation should be left to the states.

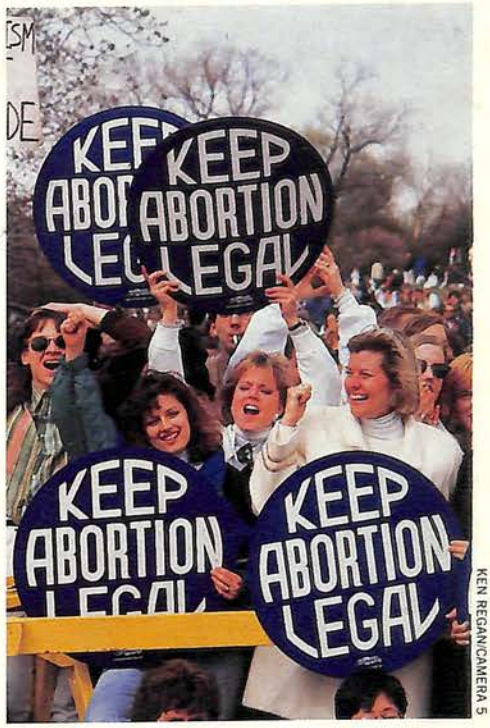
The publicity attending the Webster case galvanized both the pro-choice and pro-life movements. In April 1989, during the debate, an estimated half-million pro-choice advocates marched on Washington in a show of force. After the decision came down, the American bishops of the U.S. Catholic Conference said they were "encouraged." In a statement they said, "The Court indicated that a state's interest in protecting life might well exist throughout pregnancy, not only after viability." As for the public, according to a CBS News/New York Times Poll conducted last November, 41 percent of Americans think that abortion should be generally available to those who want it, against 15 percent who favor a general prohibition against it. The largest group, 42 percent, favors abortion but would impose some restrictions on its availability.

The next act is likely to be played out, once again, in the Supreme Court, which has two abortion cases relating to the rights of minors—*Akron Center for Reproductive Health v. Ohio* and *Hodgson v. Minnesota*—on its docket.

While decisions in these two cases may further dilute *Roe*, experts on both sides of the debate say that *Roe* is unlikely to be overturned altogether, at least in the foreseeable future.

"I can count," says Charles Fried, the former Solicitor General who argued the Bush Administration's anti-abortion position in *Webster*, "and I don't see the votes to overturn. You've got Scalia, Rehnquist, White, maybe Kennedy. But I don't know that you've got O'Connor." Norman Dorsen, president of the American Civil Liberties Union, concurs. "This Court won't overrule *Roe*," he says, "but I think they will narrow it further."

Frank Susman, who argued the pro-choice position in *Webster*, also agrees that "*Roe* won't be overturned. The Court will never say that. But they will let the states legislate on abortion."



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Adds Weddington, "The Supreme Court may give the states so much leeway that it's overturned anyway, for all practical purposes."

In recent weeks, restrictive abortion legislation has passed or is under consideration in a number of state legislatures, including Idaho and the U.S. territory of Guam. The laws could pose the broadest challenge yet to *Roe*.

Weddington and Coffee met last January for the first time in many years at a *Roe* anniversary breakfast which was attended by some 200 members of various women's groups in Dallas. Coffee, now a partner at the Dallas law firm she joined after law school, rarely speaks about the decision in which she played so important a role. But she has continued to work for women's rights, and she brought a successful sex-discrimination suit against several large employers in Dallas, including a bank and the sheriff's office.

Weddington served three terms in the Texas Legislature and went on to become a special assistant to President Jimmy Carter on women's issues. She currently spends most of her time on the lecture circuit. "I feel an enormous amount of pride to have been part of something that's so significant," she says of her best-known case. "Sometimes history seeks you out to play a role you never would have sought." ■

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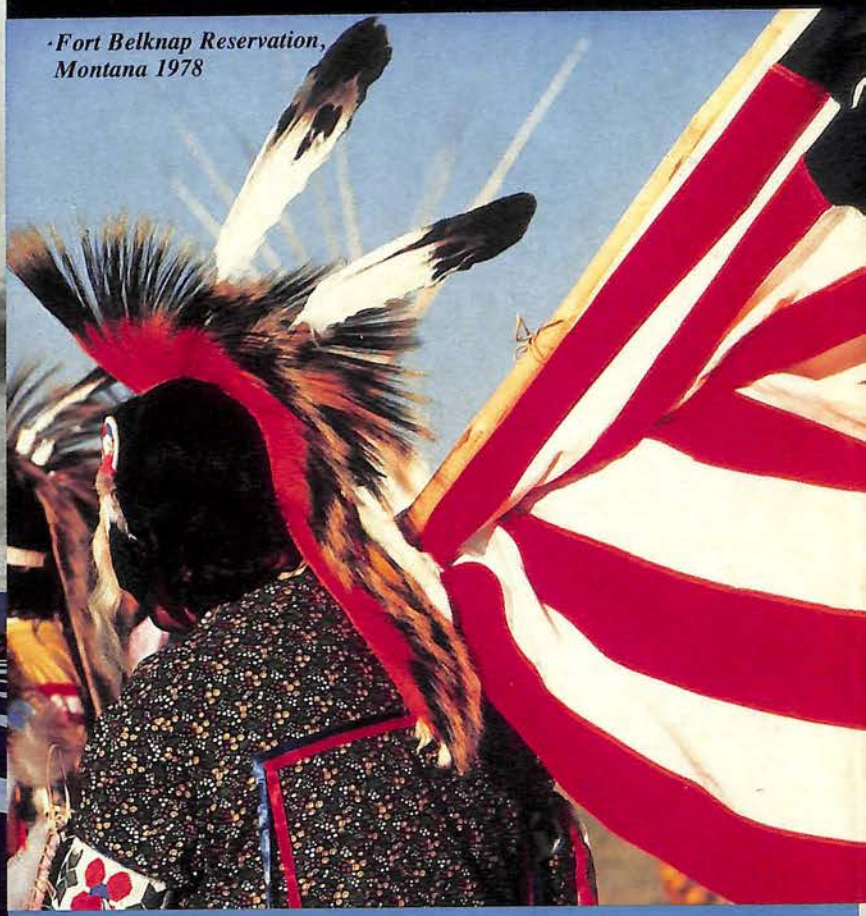
SCRAPBOOK

# Grand Old

BURK UZZLE/PICTURE GROUP

*Daytona Beach, Fla. 1972*

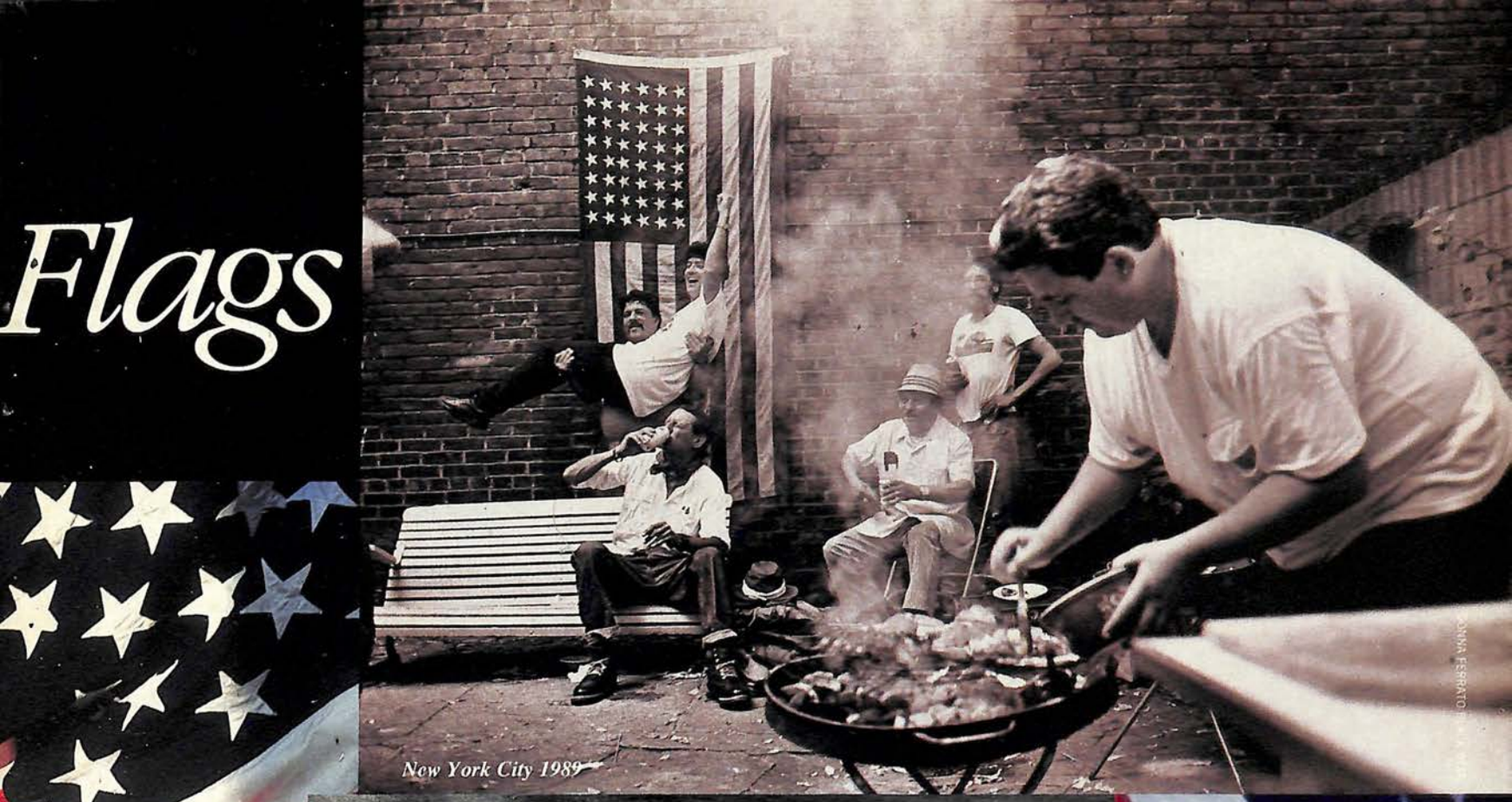
*Evansville, Ind. 1980 (above and below)*



*Fort Belknap Reservation, Montana 1978*

BILL STRODE/BLACK STAR (2)

# Flags



New York City 1989

JOHN RUNNING

East Hampton, N.Y. 1977

BRANT WARD/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Candlestick Park, San Francisco 1984

Jones Beach, New York City 1970

DAN MCCOY/BLACK STAR

ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM PHOTOS

New York City 1973

CHARLIE MOORE/BLACK STAR

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# Cons and Pros

## Crime and Punishment

THANK YOU FOR AN EYE-OPENING ARTICLE ON Caryl Chessman and the death penalty. Caryl Chessman did not deserve to die. It is ironic that Charles Manson managed to escape the same fate.

ERIKA JOHNSON
Canton, Mass.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS JUSTIFIED FOR TWO reasons: First, it helps deter crimes like premeditated murder. Second, the death penalty is justified on moral grounds. When, for example, someone has raped and murdered a child, that person has relinquished his right to live. Capital punishment in such a case is an act of retribution and demonstrates that a society genuinely is dedicated to preserving and protecting the rights and safety of the people. If society has the moral right and obligation to act in collective self-defense against aggression emanating from *without*, then society likewise has the moral right and obligation to defend itself against aggression emanating from *within*.

HAVEN BRADFORD GOW
American Federation of Police
Arlington Heights, Ill.

## Royal Navy

IN "40 YEARS AGO" YOU STATE THAT THE Queen Elizabeth arrived in New York on March 7 and that she was to remain for the duration. Actually, she left in November 1940 for Singapore, where she was refitted for troop-carrying. During 1941 she and the Queen Mary carried troops in the Indian Ocean to and from Australia. In 1942 both Queens were transferred to the Atlantic. They logged over a million miles during the war. In late 1946 the Queen Elizabeth was returned to service as a top-rate passenger liner, followed in the summer of 1947 by the Queen Mary. I hope you print this. I'd hate for your readers to go through life thinking this grand lady shirked her duties.

E. C. KAVENAGH
Dover, Pa.

## Parade Rest

YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT I'LL NOT renew my subscription. Whereas you could have turned out to be a nice nostalgia magazine, you've become simply another in a tiresome parade of left-wing rags. Your assassination of Senator Joe McCarthy, the piece on Chessman and the death penalty, and the bouquets to Malcolm X make you nothing more than a liberal sop.

GEORGE D. SCHULTZ
Houston, Tex.

*See page 7.—Ed.*

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, ONE READS OF THE downfall of tyrants, and Joseph McCarthy belongs in this category. Before his downfall, the destruction of human lives was uncountable. David Oshinsky is reporting from an era in which McCarthy lived. Will future historians be as objective as this author?

J. G. ELLROD
North Miami, Fla.

YOUR ARTICLE ON SENATOR JOSEPH MC-Carthy deserves a rebuttal. I can't defend his techniques, but I believe there have always been disloyal people in government. Some may say that their decisions are the result of politics, but that doesn't always explain away the truth of the matter. American government doesn't always do what's proper and needed. Witness Vietnam—a hamstrung military, 55,000 dead, and a Communist victory.

WILLIAM REID
Essexville, Mich.

MY COMPLIMENTS ON COMING UP WITH David Oshinsky—a true piece of periodical serendipity. Already I feel that MEMORIES has managed to discover—for lack of a better term—its first star historian.

MARTY A. MARTINEZ
San Antonio, Tex.

**We welcome your letters. Please address correspondence to: MEMORIES, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.**

**TAKING ISSUE**

# *Sweat and Tears*

**By Robert Lipsyte**

***For this department a distinguished writer is asked to read the magazine's contents before publication and to comment, elaborate or take issue with them.***

MEMORIES serves me best when it makes me sweat. Not that nostalgic glow that recalls the sweet itchiness of green summers in the outfield grass, but the chill, clammy dampness of fear that starts in the stomach and settles in the armpits. This issue made me sweat as I tried, unsuccessfully, to suppress a 28-year-old memory of that dark age before *Roe v. Wade*.

For those of us living this dramedy called Fiftysomething, abortion is not a right to be taken for granted nor a moral debate. Abortion is an emotional trigger-word that evokes butcher doctors, back-alley operating rooms and girls who slowly bleed to death, alone. For some, illegal abortion may be dusty history, like the Depression, the Holocaust or the Vietnam War. For me it is a magazine story to skip.

So I do. I start with Adlai Stevenson, a leading character in the Fiftysomething mindmovie. The message is that Adlai the Egghead was just too good for us, too intelligent, too idealistic, too . . . self-righteous? Give me a break. Adlai—divorced, wimpy, rumored to be "queer" (that was the word in those days)—didn't seem to have the sand for rough-and-tumble politics, much less for butting heads with the Russkies.

Why am I so cranky about Adlai? If I'd been old enough I probably would have voted for him. I don't finish the article.

On to Ben Hogan. When I was a fresh sportswriter in the late 50's, the Texas Hawk was the designated Comeback Kid, the role model for all the whiners who weren't winners. Now *there* was a guy tough enough to give the Russkies the bidness. You bet. Hyping Hogan was probably part of a Republican plot to sell that other golfer, Dwight D. Eisenhower, as a jock, despite his weak ticker. Ike looked like an egg, too; he had less hair than Adlai. I put the manuscripts down.

Come on. What's bothering me? Read about Nat "King" Cole. He did the singing while we did the necking. How many Fiftysomething couples got it on in the back seat while the honey-voiced balladeer crooned on the radio in front?

Ahhh. Now I've got it. The five stages of pre-1973 sex: joy, guilt, fear, denial and anger. That's what's on my mind. The *Roe v. Wade* article I've been avoiding.

Maria and I were 24 in 1962. Our marriage was falling apart. We were children faced with the prospect of having a child we didn't want. Because we had connections and enough money, we found our way to a European doctor on Manhattan's Upper East Side. We didn't have to leave the country or find a ghetto midwife.

At twilight, we arrived at a ground-floor office near Fifth Avenue. A middle-aged woman snatched the envelope of small bills out of my hand, the last installment of the $500 fee, pulled Maria inside and slammed the door in my face.

I had two hours to kill. I walked aimlessly, drank coffee, rummaged through bookstores, fought the panic that rose in my throat. Sweat soaked through my shirt and jacket. What if he nicked an artery, scraped too deep, started an infection?

*Maria and Robert, 1959.*

When I returned to the block a half-hour early, I noticed that there was too much activity—cars pulling up, husky women and a few men lounging too nonchalantly in doorways. I had covered enough police news to spot a bust about to happen.

I slipped casually around the corner to a telephone booth. Warn the doctor, stop the procedure. No operation, no crime, no arrests. But what if Maria was already on the table, if my call panicked the doctor, if his knife slipped, if he ran out and left her to bleed? I couldn't take the chance.

Back at the building, a man about my age rang the office bell. The door opened, a young woman stumbled out. He supported her as they walked away. Halfway down the street, the husky women surrounded the couple and hustled them into a van that raced away.

Now it was my turn. I was frightened for myself, too. How would my employer, the *New York Times*, react to my arrest?

I rang the bell. The door opened and Maria, pale and wobbly, was thrust into my arms. We started down the street. Cars moved silently into place at the two ends of the block. Then converged.

I argued briefly, ineffectually. They said they were taking Maria to Bellevue Hospital for examination. I said we had the right to go to a private doctor. They said if I didn't shut up Maria would be arrested. I asked them if they didn't have anything better to do. "You should have thought of this before, pal," one of the cops said. On the ride downtown, another one tried to be friendly. "The law stinks, but it's the law."

It was a long night, at the hospital and at the precinct station. Maria was told that no charges would be filed against her or me if she testified before a grand jury. She did. The doctor was indicted. The tabloids called him the "ringleader" of "a million-dollar abortion mill." I have no idea—forgotten, repressed—whatever happened to him.

And that was the end of that. Or almost. Several years later, I described two female detectives accurately but unflatteringly in a magazine article. After it appeared, a police press officer suggested that unless I wrote a retraction, my "record" would be revealed. Nothing ever came of it. No retraction, no revelation. Until now.

As these words began to tumble out, I called Maria for permission to turn them in. We have been divorced for more than 25 years. We've both remarried and have children. We live on different coasts. We stay sporadically in touch but have never talked about that night. After I bring it up there is a pause, then a rush of words.

"Oh, Bobby, you're not going to believe this, I've been thinking about that night, the rage and frustration, the helplessness, that our lives were not in our control. I'm trying to deal with it. I'm writing a novel about a woman who dies after a botched illegal abortion, and how her husband and daughter try to carry on."

We talked for a long time. Warmly. Our lives are good. We were lucky.

Yet, I still sweat as I write.

MEMORIES is also made of this. ■

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ROBERT LIPSYTE *is the host of* The Eleventh Hour, *a nightly public-affairs talk show on New York's public TV station, WNET.*

**PHOTO FINISH**

# *Personal Touches*

STOCK BOSTON

GARRY A. WATSON

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3)

VINCE COMPAGNONE/LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO

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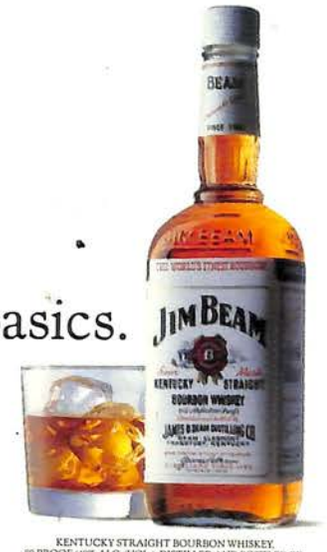


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